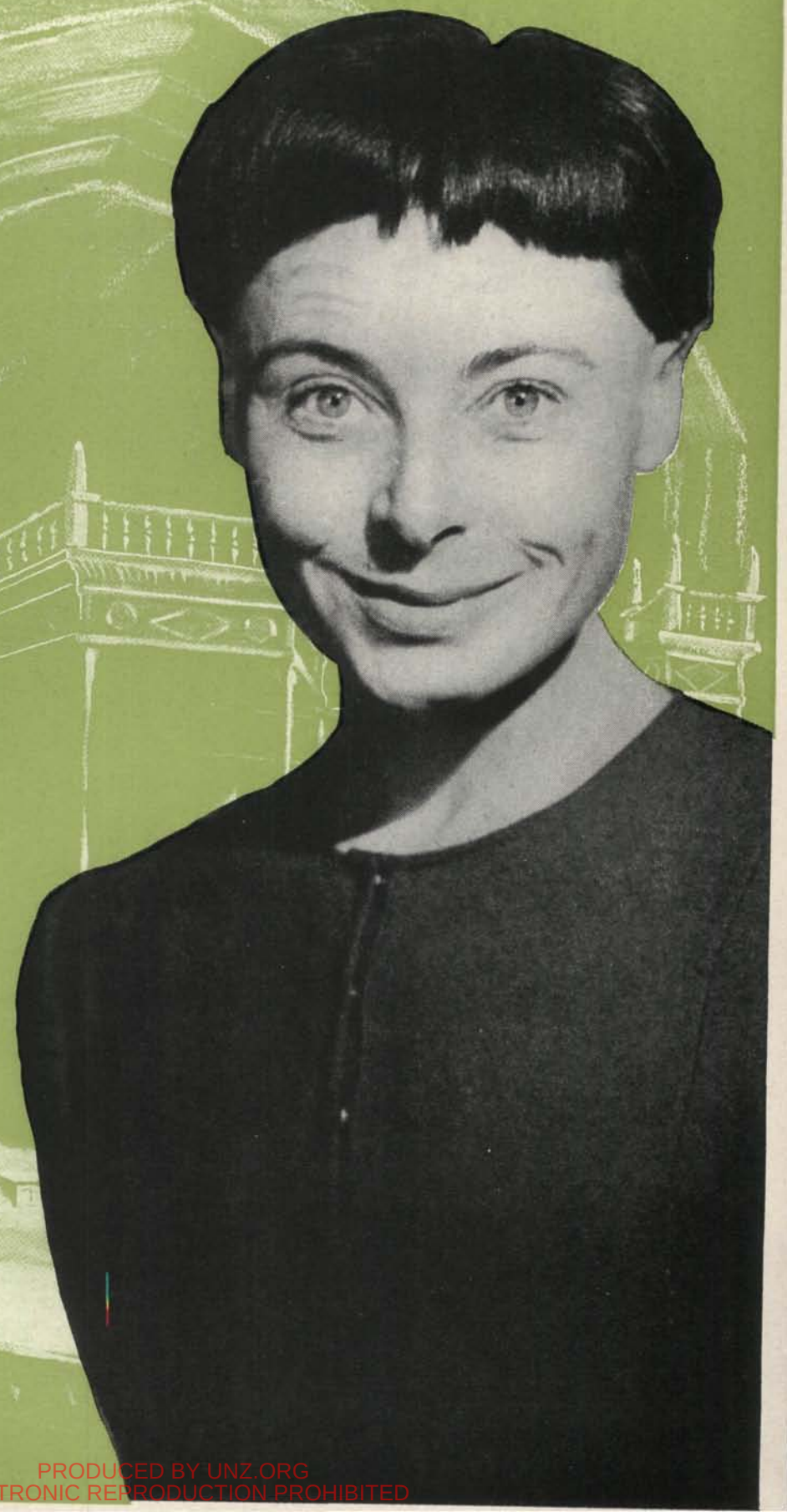
Saturday Review

PTEMBER 15, 1956 / 20¢

ROADWAY'S MUSICAL
ULLABALOO
Francis Fergusson

THE RIVERS OF
EW ORLEANS
Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

IE MEMORIES OF
HN P. MARQUAND
Kenneth Roberts



phan McKenna, star of GBS's
nt Joan" (See Broadway Postscript)

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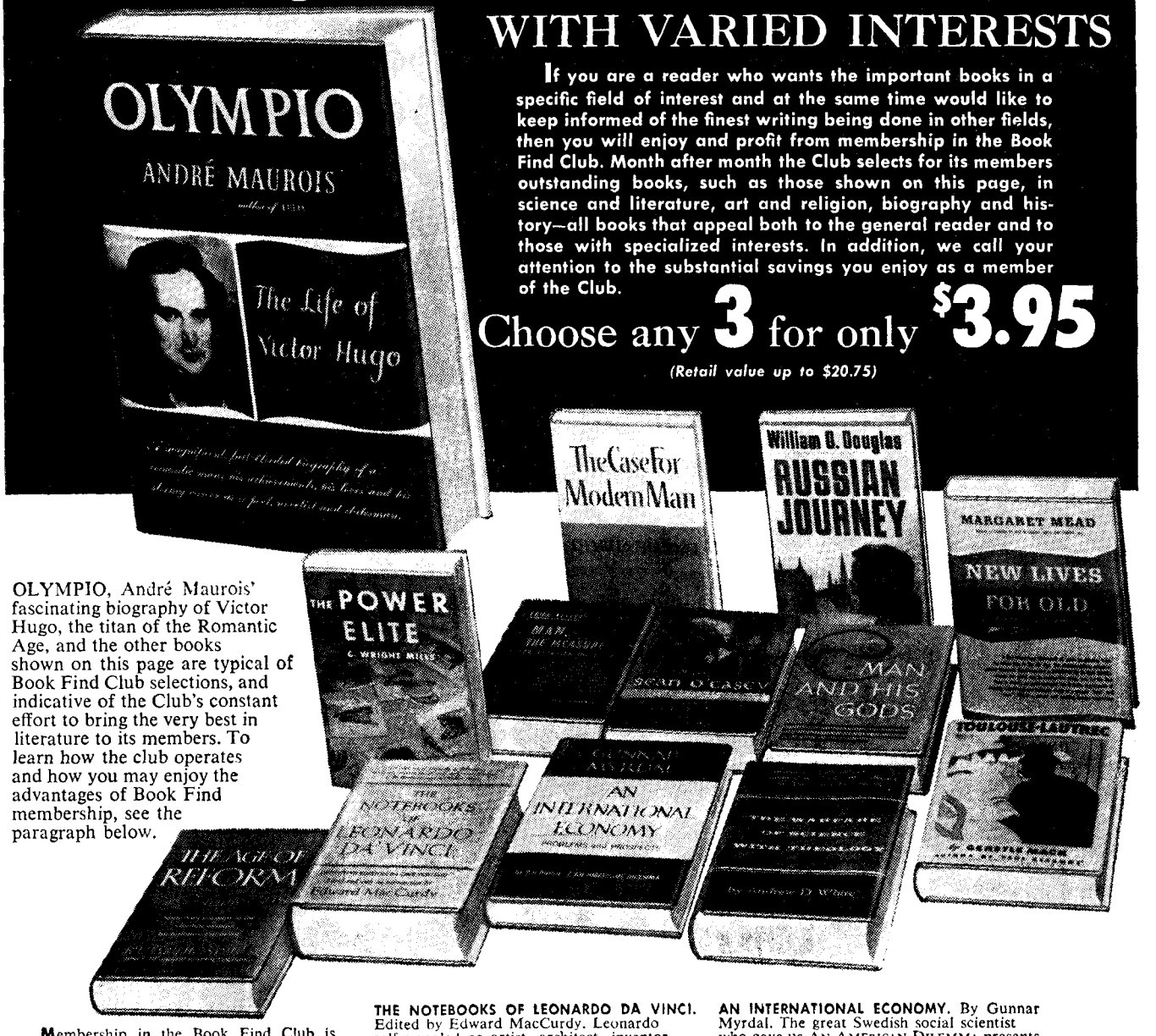

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 15, 1956

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SR/IDEAS

11 Broadway's Musical Hullabaloo, by Francis Fergusson

14 The Memories of John P. Marquand, by Kenneth Roberts

22 Converting Red Tape into Food, by Paul Comly French

28 By the Rivers of New Orleans, by Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

SR/BOOKS

16 Mr. Vessey of England, edited by Brian Waters
As I Saw the U.S.A., by James Morris
Reviewed by D. W. Brogan

17 The World at Home, by Anne O'Hare McCormick
Reviewed by Walter Johnson

18 The Lady and the Vote, by Marion K. Sanders
Reviewed by Bess Furman

20 The Unfaithful Wife, by Jules Roy
Reviewed by Daniel B. Dodson

20 The Sacrifice, by Adele Wiseman
Reviewed by Meyer Levin

42 Russia Leaves the War, by George F. Kennan
Reviewed by Harold H. Fisher

43 Stalin's Great Secret, by Isaac Don Levine
Reviewed by Michael T. Florinsky

44 Art and Artist, edited by Alfred Frankenstein, *et al.*
Reviewed by Georgine Oeri

45 Modern Art USA, by Rudi Blesh
Reviewed by Thomas B. Hess

46 A Bar Cross Man, by W. H. Hutchinson
Reviewed by Walter Prescott Webb

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

6 Literary I.Q.

10 Literary Crypt

23 Letters to the Editor

24 Broadway Postscript

27 Music to My Ears

37 *SR* Goes to the Movies

38 Booked for Travel

50 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1173

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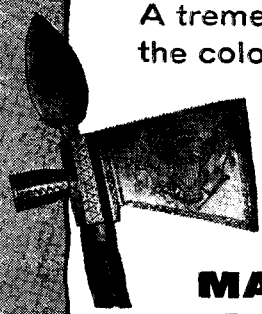

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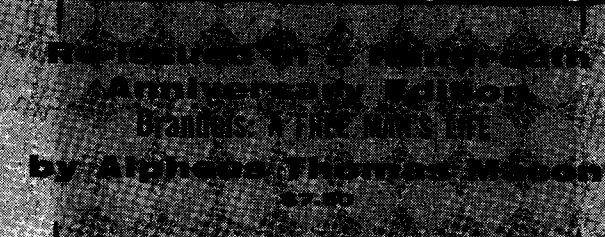

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TRADE Winds

WATCH IT, ADULTS, the kids are taking it away. Another "startlingly frank first novel," to quote its own jacket, is coming this week from Rinehart; it's "Chocolates for Breakfast," by Pamela Moore, who was born in 1937, and it's about teen-agers and Sex, Sex, Sex.

Not *old* teen-agers, mind you; mostly fifteens and sixteens—perhaps one could call them The Bobby Sex Crowd.

Is it any good as a novel? Deponent Sayeth Not, one way or another, because Deponent, by her own definition, is acting not as critic but as a summertime reporter of the news of books and authors and editions and sales and subsidiary rights and matters related to any of these. Including the birth certificates of the Mlle. Sagans and Moores and others who began to write novels about sex before they had qualified to write an X on a ballot.

ALDOUS HUXLEY ONCE called a novel by a twenty-one-year-old boy "so mature, so finished, so complete. It has a certainty about it, a directness, a swiftness, and a simplicity—all the qualities, in a word, that we expect to find in the work of the ripest and most experienced artists . . . Radiguet set out in possession of those literary virtues with which most writers painfully end."

The author, of course, was Raymond Radiguet, born near Paris in 1903 and dead of typhoid there twenty years later; his first novel was "Devil in the Flesh," which "Twentieth Century Authors" (where I also got the Huxley quote) called " 'Daphnis and Chloe' in modern dress, an idyllic tragedy concerning a fifteen-year-old hero" and a young married woman.

The book was made into a film in 1948 in France, and its success brought on a new flaming of ardor for Radiguet's gifts. "This remarkable boy," François Mauriac called him. "Such as it is, his work is enough for us, his elders; the cause is clear, that child was a master."

I looked up Radiguet not apropos Pamela Moore and "Chocolates," but just after I'd read Françoise Sagan's

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

COMPOSERS, TOO, HAVE FIRST NAMES

Herewith the dissociated first and last names of several composers, largely operatic (which makes them sort of literary). Kindly associate them. Justification on page 21.

1. Arne	( ) Ambroise
2. Bellini	( ) Arnold
3. Charpentier	( ) Christoph
4. De Falla	( ) Engelbert
5. De Koven	( ) Ernanno
6. Donizetti	( ) Ethelbert
7. Dukas	( ) Friedrich
8. von Flotow	( ) Gaetano
9. Glinka	( ) Giacomo
10. von Gluck	( ) Gioacchino
11. Hindemith	( ) Gustave
12. Humperdinck	( ) Henry
13. Ippolitov-Ivanov	( ) Jacques
14. Leoncavallo	( ) Jules
15. Mascagni	( ) Manuel
16. Massenet	( ) Michail Ivanovitch
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18. Nicolai	( ) Otto
19. Offenbach	( ) Paul
20. Puccini	( ) Paul
21. Purcell	( ) Pietro
22. Rossini	( ) Reginald
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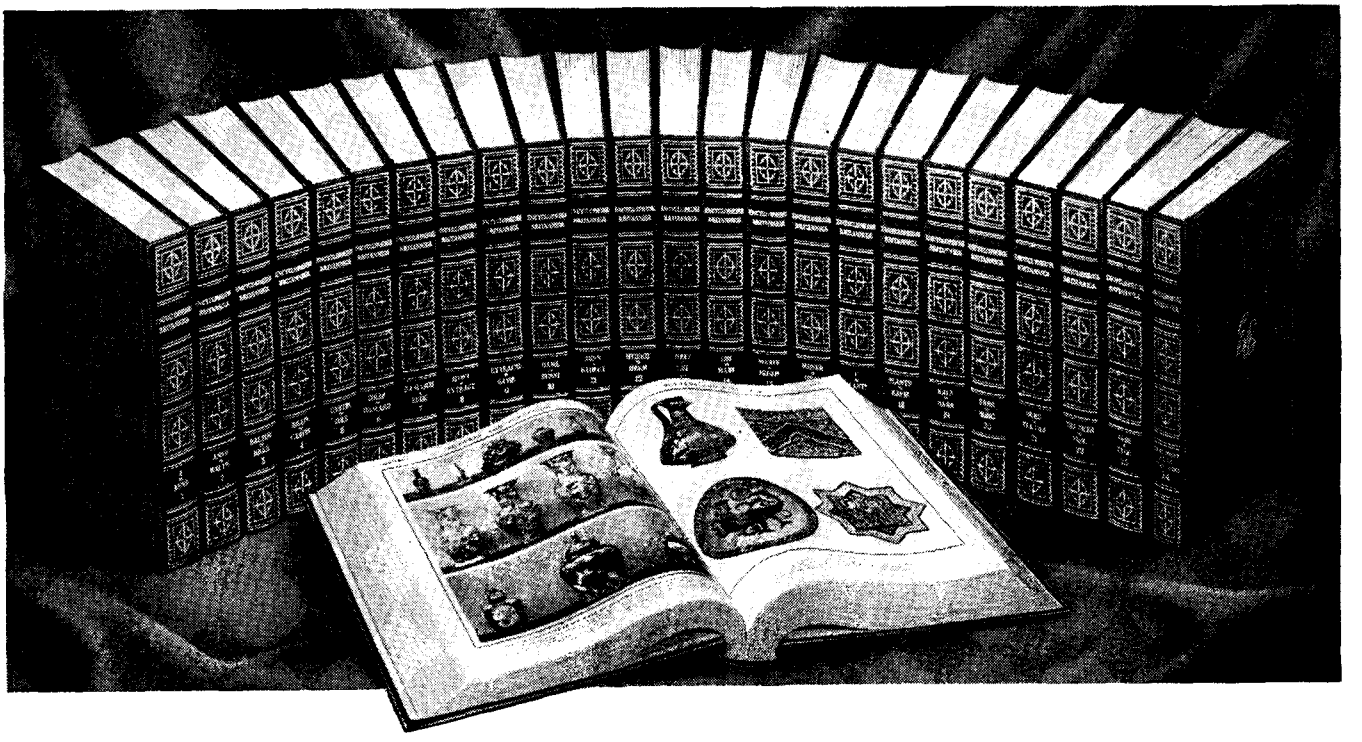

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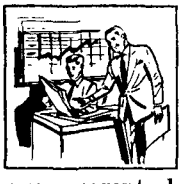

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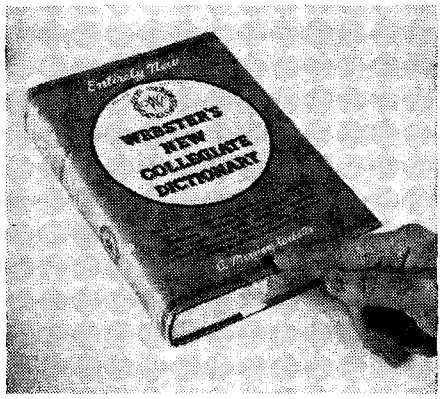

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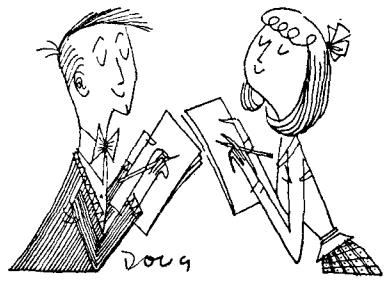
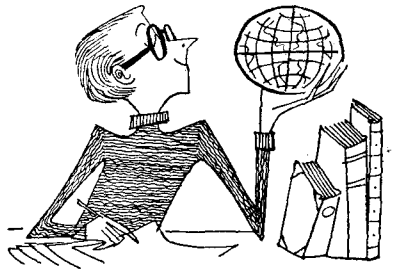
"A Certain Smile," and remembered that Radiguet was one of Mlle. Sagan's literary heroes. After that I started a list of other modern youngsters who wrote successfully—but teen-agers I couldn't locate.

Scott Fitzgerald was all of twenty-four when "This Side of Paradise"



came out, and twenty-nine when "The Great Gatsby" did; Ernest Hemingway was twenty-eight when he published "The Sun Also Rises"; Rosamond Lehmann was twenty-four when "Dusty Answer" appeared, Thomas Wolfe twenty-nine at "Look Homeward, Angel," and Lillian Hellman just twenty-nine when *she* took on the schoolroom set in "The Children's Hour."

YOUTH-AS-PHILOSOPHER, world-renowned philosopher at that, is an obvious free association at this point, and if you're dubious as to any example of that, you must have shut your eyes to all the typographical furor last week about "The Outsider,"



Colin Wilson's "Inquiry into the Nature of the Sickness of Mankind in the Mid-Twentieth Century."

Mr. Wilson is twenty-four.

Published in June by Victor Gollancz in London, it was originally scheduled for next winter here, but so great was the critical hullabaloo abroad, and the public hoopla as well, that Houghton Mifflin rushed and raced the American edition into being, to appear just after Labor Day.

"One of the most remarkable first books I have read," wrote Cyril Connolly in *The London Times*; in *The Observer*, Philip Toynbee, son of Historian Arnold J. and grandson of Gilbert Murray, called it "an exhaustive and luminously intelligent study . . . truly astounding" . . . while Dame Edith Sitwell said, "An astonishing

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book. I think Colin Wilson will be a truly great writer."

Small wonder British sales are still running about 500 a week, and that publication contracts have been drawn for its appearance in practically every language spoken at the U.N.

In the U.S. advance interest in "The Outsider" built sky high before one advance copy was available. (All major critics had to write their reviews from unbound English editions.) In the trade here, the kettle began to boil after three separate fires were lit:

In its July 2 issue *Time* ran a long story on the book and its author, complete with boyish grin, horn-rim glasses, and heavy turtleneck sweater. "Wilson's invisible man, 'The Outsider,'" it said, "may be described as a blend of existentialist hero, religious man without God, and prophet or saint-in-embryo." It called the author "staggeringly erudite . . . the self-taught son of a boot-and-shoe machine operator" who lives in a slum, quit school early, worked "variously as a laborer, mortuary attendant, cafe waiter and junior tax collector" and who "like Shaw and Marx . . . found his real university in the British Museum."

That same week, Harvey Breit in *The New York Times* wrote a piece about "the dazzling phenomenon," and a month later, but in more muted tones, V. S. Pritchett, also in the *Times*, wrote from London about "a stir in England about a clever book . . . by the brilliant young writer, Colin Wilson. [He] has hit upon the useful idea that . . . we are either 'outsiders' or 'insiders,' just as a couple of decades ago we talked of 'extroverts' or 'introverts'! . . . This book deals with what is really the main contemporary subject: How are we to endure the world we have made?"

The three pieces appeared; the rush was on; all signs point to a big sale here of the young philosopher's first work. Whether people will merely buy "The Outsider" in great numbers, or read it through in great numbers, remains to be seen. As Literary Crypt No. 686, in a recent issue of *SR*, said: "A classic is something that every-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1172)

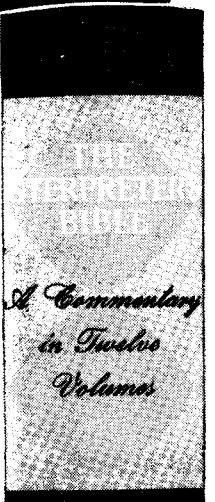
EDWARD WEEKS:
THE OPEN HEART

Beacon Hill is a village within a city. It is the highest of the hills on which Boston was originally built, and it takes its name from the flaming beacon which was set alight in the early times to guide skippers into the dark harbor.

Volume 6

the books

- Lamentations
- Ezekiel
- Daniel
- Hosea
- Joel
- Amos
- Obadiah
- Jonah
- Micah
- Nahum
- Habakkuk
- Zephaniah
- Haggai
- Zechariah
- Malachi



VOLUME 6

Lamentations
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Ezekiel
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Daniel
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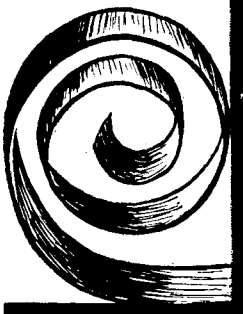
Twelve Prophets



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MORROW

September selection of the Literary Guild **2nd large printing**

Speak to the Winds

RUTH MOORE

Author of *Candlemas Bay, Spoonhandle,* etc.

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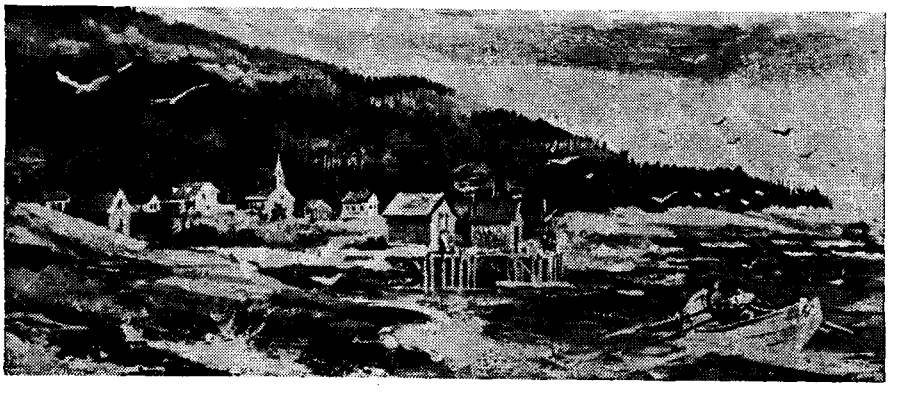

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—Florence Haxton Bullock, N. Y. Herald Tribune.

At all bookstores, $3.75

body wants to have read and nobody wants to read. Samuel Clemens."

THE AUTHOR OF "WAR AND PEACE" was forty-four when he had completed it in 1872, so he's out of the class of all this youth. Now at last his novel has been made into a moving picture, a three-and-a-half-hour one, by Paramount and Dino De Laurentiis of Italy and VistaVision and Technicolor and Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer, Henry Fonda, King Vidor, a whole bevy of screenwriters, and $6,000,000.

Released thus far only at the Capitol in New York and the Paramount in Hollywood, Count Leo Tolstoy's masterpiece was greeted for the most part with prolonged hosannas from the critics, though one or two of them either went thumbs down or else gave it such qualified praise that it amounted to "Nyet!"

Which really does baffle me, I must say. Sure, the picture has flaws; sure, it has not the full depth and meaning and philosophic import of the original 1361 pages of the novel itself. Granted, *Da.*

But when I think of all the halfwit "great pictures" we get year in and year out, the "fabulous spectacles" and the "breathtaking, colossal re-creations," it depresses and even astounds me that any critic should go to town on finding fault with this one.

For Pete's sake, what do they want it to be? "War and Peace"?

—Laura Z. Hobson.

Editor's Note: Trade Winds *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 690

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 690 will be found in the next issue

VWXYZ TL

YMWZSOM—VOKTB

ZW VOLDNTM.

—UWSI W'MOTBBH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 689

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

—Ambrose Bierce.

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 8, 1956

BROADWAY'S MUSICAL HULLABALOO

It's Popular, Profitable, Professional . . . But Is It Art?

For a long time the favorite sport of American critics has been the Hunt of the American Genius: the search for the arts and artists who expose and define the American Soul in the way that Shakespeare did the English and Pascal the French. It's a subtle sport because, while great art is often very popular, some critics seem to exhibit a natural prejudice against appreciating what everyone else appreciates. Certainly Americans are the most successful contemporary practitioners of the musical comedy; our songs and stage techniques are imitated everywhere around the world. Recently, as well, writers have been easing into their musical scripts more serious material—sometimes achieving effects of enormous expressiveness. But is it genuine, lasting art? The long-range prospects of the "Broadway Bonanzas" are discussed here by Francis Fergusson, teacher (now at Rutgers) and essayist on drama and literature and author of "The Idea of a Theatre."

SOUTH PACIFIC: William Tabbert and Betta St. John.

—John Swope.

By FRANCIS FERGUSSON

THE astounding success of "My Fair Lady" (which only the privileged, apparently, can get to see) raises again the question of the development of our American musical.

Certainly musicals are by common consent the most genuinely popular and the most profitable form of entertainment on the American stage. Their hit tunes are known to everybody, and as they grow old (and we grow old) they come to symbolize the periods of history we have lived through. The young dance and sing their latest catchy numbers around millions of radios and juke-boxes. The whole effect is gilded with the glitter of lots of money, softened with wistfulness, and lightened with a certain wry humor. All is well, apparently, with our popular song and dance; but now we tend to demand even more: we raise the uneasy, egghead question, "But is it art?" Are the musicals really an original American form? Are they destined to take over the whole commercial theatre? Are they turning into opera?

In the early Twenties a number of highbrow poets and musicians were interested in popular musicals, French clowns, jazz, the English music-hall, and the like. They were looking for a theatrical form for their own poetry or music, and they thought popular entertainment might offer the clue on the analogy of traditional folk-forms and ancient comedy and tragedy. T. S. Eliot wrote "Sweeney Agonistes" in rhythms derived from Tin Pan Alley with two epigraphs, one from the "Choephoroi" the other from St. John of the Cross. Cocteau wrote "Le Boeuf sur le toit," a sophisticated entertainment with music by Milhaud based on the then popular styles. Some of Stravinsky's works, "Les noces," even "Sacre du printemps" came from a related inspiration. But all this is history; the highbrow works based on popular forms are cherished only by the highbrows, and the entertainment industry itself has been little affected. Perhaps Cocteau wrote the epitaph for the whole movement when he remarked that an artist could not use a jazz-band directly, but only be inspired by it as he might be by an elephant or a steam-engine.

The present concern for the artistic value of our musicals seems to have little connection with the earlier movement. It comes out of show-business itself, and flourishes under strictly middle-brow auspices. Gershwin is generally thought to have led the way, and when we talk about the art of the musicals we think of such works as "Porgy and Bess," "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," "Guys and Dolls," and "Pal Joey." Such works were not written by highbrow artists for a small audience of connoisseurs, but by

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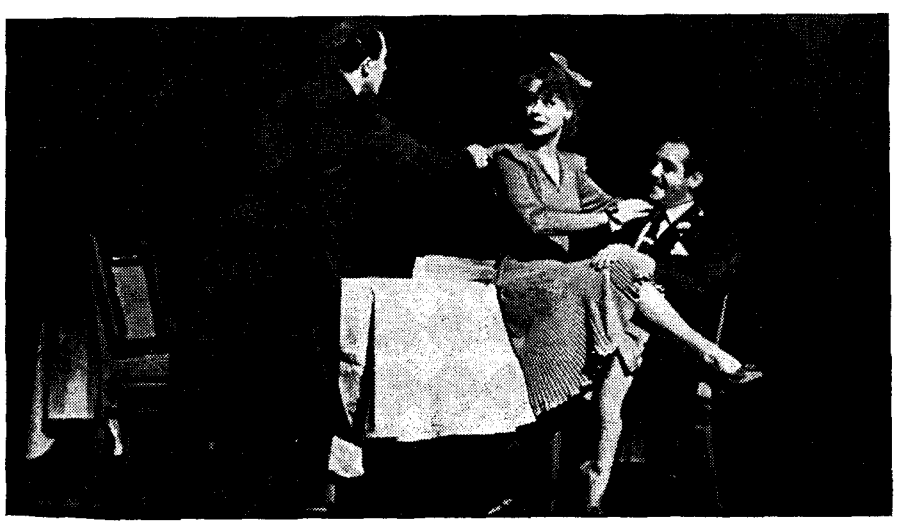
experienced professionals with an eye on the paying customer. They are adduced to prove that a new art form is even now being nourished in the neon-and-concrete bosom of Times Square itself.

Perhaps it is: "God works in a mysterious way," and a recent sampling of hit-musicals confirms the general impression that there is more fun, more confidence, and even more experimentation to be found there than there is among the "serious" Broadway efforts. There is no telling what this excitement will produce in the long run, but one may try to make out what is going on now, remembering some of the troubles and some of the aspirations of the earlier, more unregenerately highbrow movement of thirty years ago.

The professionals try in many ways to "lift" the musical stage into the realm of art. They try to improve the popular musical idiom with infusions from light opera; they import performers from the legitimate or operatic stages; they soften the conventions of musical comedy to bring it closer to naturalistic drama. But in every case the central problem they face is that of the story, or "book." The popular roots of the musicals are in the song and dance which sprout naturally among us, and in the comics, the dancers, and crooners who emerge from the nightclubs or (still) from old-fashioned vaudeville. But these elements don't have to be about anything except rhythm and personality. Variety and the revues don't have to be about anything either; they are based on the principle of an evening of entertainment held together, if at all, by a master of ceremonies. But as soon as the musical becomes more ambitious it has to tell a story, however flimsy; it must have a book with characters and incidents which add up to something. If it goes on beyond this point, and recognizes the possibility of taste, intelligence, style, it must have an *appropriate* book, which will work as the unifying inspiration of the whole show. The makers of our musicals search in all directions for the right story, or book; and one of the best ways to understand their efforts is to see what they do about this particular problem.

Both "Damn Yankees" and "The Pajama Game" have books based on popular fiction. "Damn Yankees" is about a middle-aged codger who dreams, as he listens to the sports-broadcasts in his suburban living-room, of glory as a baseball hero; his faithful wife, who becomes a baseball widow every spring; and a mephistophelian figure (suggesting the classic city slicker—in this case an oily promoter) who offers the codger a chance to abandon wife, home, and all to live the athletic youth he missed. This fable sounds wonderfully guileless in the telling, but it makes a first-rate musical, with just the right mixture of wistfulness, humor, and contemporary caricature. That, I think, is because everyone, both on and off the stage, instantly understands and sympathizes: tunes, choreography, acting are all of a piece. "The Pajama Game" succeeds in somewhat the same way. It is about a union in a pajama factory; the grumpy but goodhearted boss; the girl who is the secretary of the union, and her lover, the new manager of the factory. When the union goes on strike the predictable broad, clear situations are produced, with the girl and the boy on opposite sides. The whole notion is lightly touched with what used to be called social significance—not enough to frighten anyone, just enough to mitigate the good-naturedness with a little irony here and there. And this show also is light, swift, and easy—shifting confidently and unself-consciously between sentiment and caricature, and carrying the delighted audience with it every moment.



Gene Kelly, June Havoc, and Jack Durant in "Pal Joey."

I SUSPECT (without having read the novels on which these shows are based) that they are better as musicals than they would be as fiction: the economy, the tunefulness, and the conventionality are the right form for their fables. But the fables themselves seem to be really popular, like the song-and-dance medium itself. Perhaps that is why both shows have, if not the elegant edge of a conscious style, at least a certain unity and consistency in their own genre. In this respect they are related to such works as "Guys and Dolls," "Pal Joey," and that venerable classic "Of Thee I Sing." They all work, in their various ways, with the materials of the popular, *public* consciousness: the related worlds of sport, politics, and show-business itself. That is of course also the world of song and dance, the realm in which the biggest public lives when it relaxes, opens its paper, and turns on the radio. If an authentic, American popular form of musical comedy is growing in the entertainment industry, it is here that one must look for it.

But not everyone can work directly and naturally within the limitations of this public consciousness; I think a touch of the magic of the hero of "Once in a Lifetime," whose reflexes were exactly those of the statisticians' average-of-eighty-millions, would be required for real mastery of this realm. And the fact is that most of those who want to lift our musicals into a conscious art form know too much to work the big-time without artificiality and self-consciousness. And so they look around for stories of other kinds—something that would be not too unpalatable to them and still get by on Broadway. In general, I fear that they are striving for a sort of middle-brow refinement and respectability, something a bit closer to the Ivy League.

Thus, "Plain and Fancy" has to do with a pair of New Yorkers who buy a farm in the Amish country. It relies for its effects upon contrasts between the city-folk—"us"—and the helpless Amish who, I gather, have been carefully studied for authentic atmosphere, like colored photographs in *Life*. They are treated with that friendliness which our musical stage demands; "I don't think the theatre is a place where people's feelings ought to be hurt," as Sabina puts it in "The Skin of Our Teeth." But the whole idea is contrived and condescending, and the show as a whole, in spite of several

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excellent performers, never gets off the ground. It is, I fear, the routine musical, relying too cynically on the recipes of the trade and the authority of its extremely expensive spectacular and musical effects. But it also reveals the fashionable anxiety about art, and that, I think, must be the *raison d'être* of the Amish. For since "Oklahoma!" we think of the exploitation of Folk, or regional, or foreign atmospheres as one way to make our musicals "artistic."

I confess to being a little uncomfortable with even the best of the Broadway folk-operettas, even "Oklahoma!" itself. It is true that operetta traditionally relies on exotic atmospheres for its glamour—peasant choruses, Graustarkian kingdoms, African or Oriental costumes, and the like. Our own provincial regions already begin to look—in the light of nostalgia—as glamorous as old-fashioned Heidelberg, and there is no reason why they shouldn't serve the musical stage in the same way, if we could only take them lightheartedly enough. But that we can't quite do: the glamour of the prairie or the Deep South must also be "true," "deeply human," "compassionate," and the rest. The genre of folk-operetta as we now know it, between the show-business we have and the art we solemnly aspire to, is a wee bit phony, like the extremely competent ads for tours in picturesque New England, the Rio Grande Pueblos (via the Sante Fe), or Charleston when the magnolias are out.

When our show-makers bear down on folk atmospheres with the intention of making something in good taste, something artistic, yet first of all, of course, big business, they meet the old problem of what story to use. The atmosphere itself is pay dirt; the public has some genuine feeling for it, as the agile ad-men discovered long ago; but what happens? What is the glamour *about?* Hence the Brainstorm: using "Liliom" as framework for the folksy glamour of Maine in "Carousel"; anxiously vulgarizing "Carmen" into "Carmen Jones" to make it palatable on Broadway, as the professionals somewhat cynically understand Broadway. In this genre too the most awkward and revealing problem seems to be that of the book.

In "Pipe Dream" Rodgers and Hammerstein, plus Harold Clurman as director, endeavor to use Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday" to make an artistic musical with atmosphere. The idea must have seemed excellent in advance: the atmosphere is there, and the intelligent, rueful little story is (for once) of a piece with the atmosphere. The names of the makers of this show guarantee that plenty of talent and intelligence were available.

—*Culver.*

John Bubbles, Todd Duncan, and Anne Brown in "Porgy and Bess."

But they had a very delicate problem, that of fitting Steinbeck's rather quiet, naturalistic manner into the broad, loud, flat conventions of our musical stage. They did what they could to soften these conventions, quieting things down, staging certain scenes so as to give the acting a chance—moving toward the naturalism of our current better fiction. But the result is a bit confusing both to the performers and to the audience. The problem of style and attitude was not really solved; instead of conceiving the Steinbeck fable afresh in some sort of musical terms, they simply made a competent but uninspired mixture of genres.

"Fanny" owes both its story and its atmosphere to Maurice Pagnol's "Marius" plays. The story is good, as Pagnol tells it; the atmosphere of the Marseilles waterfront is instantly recognizable as glamorous, and it is easy to see that Joshua Logan and S. N. Behrman, who put the show together, must have thought that it would infallibly appeal to the taste of the better element, those who know about the *Côte d'Azur* and wear Italian sport-shirts in the summer. In making the book out of the three plays they met some of the same problems as "Pipe Dream," those of adapting a naturalistic idiom to the musical stage, and they achieved similarly mixed results. The story is pretty unintelligible for the first fifteen minutes, and the character of Marius himself, which Pagnol had built up with many small touches, is never adequately realized. The show boasts one excellent performance, that of Walter Slezak, and the docile audience (grateful, perhaps, for a few tunes, and impressed by the atmosphere) accepts it as a hit whether it actually makes out the story or not.

Both of these works cautiously move (in their search for art and taste) toward old-fashioned romantic light opera. I suppose that is natural, but the fusion of that tradition with the Broadway manner is not yet complete. The presence in the cast of "Pipe Dream" of Helen Traubel, and in "Fanny" of Ezio Pinza, adds to the effect of a mixture which didn't jell. Miss Traubel is a good sport; Mr. Pinza is bored, and shows it, especially when someone else is singing. In all of this the hand of the showman in search of anything that will go is more evident than that of the artist who really has something to say.

"Silk Stockings," as its title proclaims, is also aimed at the more affluent part of the Broadway market, but its watchword is "sophistication" rather than art or atmosphere. The book, by George Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, is based on "Ninotchka"; the music and lyrics are by Cole Porter, the sets by Jo Mielziner, and the costumes by Lucinda Ballard. But in spite of this galaxy it does not really come off. It suffers, inevitably, from the comparison with Greta Garbo's charming performance in the old movie, which some of the customers must still remember. But I do not think the basic trouble is with Hildegaarde Neff, who plays Ninotchka. I think it is with the book. The scenarists didn't know just what angle to adopt when telling the story of the Puritanical comrade seduced by the bourgeois fleshpots of Paris. And what is worse, they failed completely to exploit the comic climax when she switches from her military blouse to cherry silk and rhinestones. The book does not do what a book should: it does not, like the books of "Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees," present a fable which everyone can instantly understand and take to his heart.

THIS little sampling of recent hits seems to show that when we speak

(*Continued on page* 47)

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THE MEMORIES OF JOHN P. MARQUAND

Marsh Mud, Harvard Sawdust, and Stuffed Shirts

This article by the well-known historical novelist and water-diviner is excerpted from the introduction to "North of Grand Central," a collection of three of Mr. Marquand's New England novels to be published by Little, Brown late this month.

By KENNETH ROBERTS

I ENVY those who have never been transported, on the magic carpet of John Marquand's memories, to Wickford Point, home, lair, escape-point, and battleground of the Brill family, where nobody ever belches but everybody, with few exceptions, is sedulously watching and waiting for the opportunity, metaphorically speaking, to cut the throat or plunge a dagger into the back of a relative, a friend, a guest, or a host.

I envy those who have never met those frowsy, meticulous, aloof, faintly odorous Bostonians, lightly perfumed with the flavor of sawdust piles, of Harvard entryways and of New England preparatory schools so character-forming that any person who has attended St. Firbolg's imagines that he can, forever, enter any crowded room and be immediately conscious of the presence of another product of St. Firbolg's, just as some gifted people can tremblingly sense that there's a cat in the refrigerator.

There is something about Boston that I have never understood, but that sets it apart from all other cities I have visited. Individuals who have long lived there may be tall or short, stout or lean, as divergent in dress and in manner of thought as the poles; yet when, after years of absence, I have returned to Boston, there seems to me to be something strikingly familiar about all the strangers I encounter—something about each of them that makes me think, for a moment, that I must have met him, or seen him, or talked to him. They may be newsboys or drug clerks or automobile salesmen, or doctors or lawyers or professors, or members of the Somerset or Union Clubs, or products of Faneuil Hall Market, Devonshire Street, State Street, or Newspaper Row; but the mark of Boston seems to me to be on each and every one. Most of them, of course, never went to St. Firbolg's or greeted each other shyly or reluctantly as they emerged from or retreated to the sanctuary of a Harvard entryway, but they somehow contrive to convey that impression.

"Wickford Point," "The Late George Apley," and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" have the same indefinable essence of Boston that Boston itself had—yes, and still miraculously retains in spite of the many violent changes that have come into existence in the one-time Athens of America—changes that must be causing Mr. Apley to turn over in his grave with increasing frequency.

All life, when examined in sufficient detail, is diverting, amusing, or downright funny; and John Marquand's early literary training, on the reportorial staff of the lamented—by the Apleys—Boston *Transcript,* forced him to take careful note of everyone and everything about him; for the *Transcript,* being almost monumental in bulk as well as in quality, needed interminable stories and infinite detail in order to fill its yawning columns. The nuances of life in Boston, as Marquand relates them in "Wickford Point," "Apley," and "Pulham," are so intricately detailed that almost every page of the three books is either droll, exquisitely amusing, or side-splittingly funny. There is one noteworthy exception—that of the recurring passages in "Pulham," as agonizing as anything in literature, in which Pulham is unconscious of the trespassing of his best friend on his home and family.

One of my earliest disappointments in "Wickford Point"—where nobody does anything about anything—is Marquand's failure to chronicle the further life and ultimate fate of the family's large tortoiseshell cat, that "looked as though a squash pie had splashed upon her." She drifted away, seemingly, like all life at Wickford Point, moving slowly in the summer heat, perhaps, in that strange unworldly life of temporarily transplanted Boston which seemed to have no end and no beginning—that existence where nothing was ever right and nothing was ever wrong. Not *everything* was wholly wrong: tooth trouble, for example, of which the Brills were rather proud, since inferior teeth were held to be a family trait; or the perpetual gratification of the Brills in considering themselves interesting people; or those recurring discussions, peculiar to Brills, of doing away with themselves; or their habit of yearning for Wickford Point until they got there, at which point they started fighting and everyone went to Europe.

I have many favorite acquaintances in these three books, though they're far too numerous to name, except on a three-hour television-award program, which introduces everybody except the persons in whom television viewers are interested. I am fascinated by the bitch Bella—honey-bee Bella—whose voice, when she was angry, was harsh and parched; she "sounded a good deal like a page from a book which comes to you in the mail in a plain wrapper." I have a strong leaning toward Joe Stowe, who had enough sense to balk when the Brills tried to take out his heart and lungs and liver and pack him with sawdust.

NOBODY, I'm sure, can help shuddering in horrid fascination over Professor Allen Southby, tweed-jacketed, pipe-smoking, stuffed-shirted, who, without having lived in New England long enough to pronounce "Boston" naturally, is writing a New England novel—the strong fearless kind, so lusty and robust that the hero belches on the first page. Southby not only couldn't write, but never would learn. "He had been reading a lot of those earth-earthy books, where the smell of dung and the scent of the virgin sod turned by the plow runs through long passages of primitive though slightly perverted human passion . . ."

To all aspiring authors I urge a careful study of the passages in which Joe Stowe and young Mr. James Calder, both of whom write for money, are caught by Professor Southby and forced to read and comment upon his masterpiece in his presence. In those passages there's as much

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agony, of a sort, as there is in the Laocoön—and the participating authors talk as real authors talk to each other, but never to amateurs.

I am entranced by honey-bee Bella's friend Howard Berg, the New Yorker, the dead beat, who dresses a trifle too nattily and speaks casually of his intimacy with Tarkington, Cabell, Hemingway, Lewis—and only last week had lunch with Galsworthy, who died five years previous to last week.

The step from the sounds, odors, customs of Wickford Point to the fustiness of Boston, of the Apleys, and of their devastating teas and reading of papers, is a small one, as imperceptibly done as though the reader slipped on a skid-sled across the stone wall separating one worn-out New England field from another.

The stifling quality of the Apleys must be inherited from a branch of the Brills; for Aunt Amelia, when depressed, is always able to recover her mental poise by remembering that she is an Apley; while George himself, happily leaning in his youth toward the freshness, simplicity, and loyalty of the Monahan girl, is tragically smothered beneath stuffed shirts and whisked off to Europe, where the Apleys and other migrant Bostonians travel in shoals like herring.

THERE, rapidly strangling, he realizes that London is merely a greater Boston, that Fontainebleau is strangely reminiscent of Pachogue Neck, that Milton is more beautiful than château-crowned Touraine. He struggles a little, but the sawdust content of the stuffed shirts has risen too high about him for him to take a decisive step. He becomes reconciled to seeing Beacon Street ladies, in the war years, rubbing elbows with females from the Newtons; he is almost unamused by the proposal to move Boston virgins inland in case of a German invasion.

He learns that marriage in Boston, where one marries not only one's wife but also one's wife's entire family, is a damnably serious business; and so he is maneuvered into the arms of an athletic, low-heeled Boston girl—a Bosworth who collects butter knives and whose father and mother are so keenly perceptive that they join George and his wife on their honeymoon. To them, as to almost everyone in the Apley circle, two weeks is too long a time for a bride and groom to be alone together without succumbing to ennui.

Reading "Apley," I am burdened with the dreadful thought that the tale of the destruction of the sanctuary of Pequod Island by an influx of Boston wives, clad in flannel shirts and cotton stockings, and reeking of intelligent conversation, might never have been recorded except for the sympathy of John Marquand's publisher, Alfred McIntyre. Marquand's friend Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*—Ted Weeks to all authors—told the story in his delightful "The Open Heart":

> . . . In 1935 he [Marquand] began to experiment with what was for him a new medium. He wanted to puncture the pompous ancestor worship which afflicted some old Bostonians. He wanted to accentuate the changes in American living and to satirize his native state, Massachusetts, which he knew so well. For months he worked at this experiment, and when the book was about half done he showed it with honest misgivings to an agent in New York. The report he got back was flatly discouraging. Marquand was deeply troubled and in his dilemma he wrote to his publisher, who was also his friend, Alfred McIntyre. I am going to quote from that letter, and as you read it, please remember that the manuscript Mr. Marquand is talking about is "The Late George Apley."
>
> *The last two months I have been working on a thing which I have often played with in the back of my mind, a satire on the life and letters of a Bostonian. I have now done some thirty or forty thousand words on it, and the other day showed it to a friend whose literary judgment I greatly respect, who feels it is a great pity for me to waste my time in going ahead with it. I suppose the most damning thing that can be said about the whole business is that I, personally, have enjoyed writing it, and think it is amusing, and think that it is a fairly accurate satire on Boston life. I certainly don't want to go ahead with the thing, however, if you don't think it holds any promise, and is not any good. Besides this, I do not, for purely artistic reasons, feel that the thing can be helped by any great changes such as injecting more plot, or by making the satire more marked. In other words, if it is not any good as it stands, I think I had better ditch it and turn my attention to something else. As this is the first time in a good many years that I have been in a position to write something which I really wanted to write, I naturally feel bad about it. I know you will tell me frankly just how it strikes you, and its fate rests largely in your hands. Tell me quickly.*
>
> McIntyre did tell him quickly. He said, "John, I personally think it is swell. I can't tell you whether it will sell more than 2,000 copies —it may be too highly specialized. But by all means, go ahead with it!"

Given a more commercial-minded publisher—one who felt called upon to urge cutting, or more plot, more conflict, such as author's agent George Stanhope, laborer in the land of make-believe, demanded from Jim Calder in "Wickford Point"—"George Apley" could easily have wound up in the ditch, a sadder specimen, even, than George Apley himself, held from the arms of the Monahan girl by the invisible sticky web of Boston stupidity.

THAT lively Wickford Point taint of marsh mud, Harvard sawdust, and people who are getting nowhere with fascinating but almost frightening rapidity, lives on in "H. M. Pulham, Esquire"; and I take a macabre delight in introducing anyone—everyone, if possible—to Bo-jo Brown, the Harvard football star who always played the game; to the young Pulham, who, in the crisis of permitting his knife to push a gravy-moistened browned potato onto an immaculate Beacon Street tablecloth, uttered the mystic, newly learned invocation "Son of a bitch!" There is a painful quality to the diligent labors of his parents, through too few pages, to convey to young Pulham the heinous nature of this involuntary cry of distress.

Many of these people come back to me in the still watches of the night—Bill King, the advertising whirlwind, a hurricane of spiritual destruction, who never bothered to be seen with the right people, never bothered to do the right thing—and who, in Pulham's opinion, would have been all right if he'd had hell beaten out of him in some good school. Inventor, Bill King was, of Emul, the advertising agency's expression for the emulsifying quality of soap, and of the Coza Hour on radio—"subtle, soft, and penetrating like the foam of Coza Soap, scintillating like Coza Bath Salts."

And a few more of them: the cook who was subject to gall bladder attacks; Hugh, the butler, who listened at doors; Pulham's adolescent son George, who found it humiliating to ask for money; Pulham's daughter Gladys, who studied insects; Mrs. Buhlfield, whose piercing voice shot daggerlike through Mrs. Pulham's eardrums; the understanding, charming, intelligent Marvin Myles, who wanted no part of the Pulham money or the Boston miasma, and so was lost to the helpless H. M. Pulham, Esquire, doer of good deeds to everyone but himself.

And, through these delightful creations, meet John Marquand.

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U. S. A.

John Henry Vessey.

Two Britons at Large in America

"Mr. Vessey of England," edited by Brian Waters *(G. P. Putnam. 192 pp. $3) and* ***"As I Saw the U. S. A.," by James Morris*** *(Pantheon Books. 245 pp. $3.95), report the impressions of British visitors to the United States, the first based on a tour nearly a century ago, the latter on a recent journey. Cambridge University's D. W. Brogan, who reviews them, has written many volumes on the United States and its political system.*

By D. W. Brogan

THE writing of books about the United States is one of the great literary industries. Even if one confines the genre to travel books written by English (or British) visitors, there are hundreds and hundreds of specimens. Many of these are impudently bad. Many are nice, harmless, mildly entertaining, mildly useful contributions. Some are very good. We have now two additions to the total class. "Mr. Vessey of England" is a specimen of the mild, inoffensive, not very important type. "As I Saw the U.S.A." belongs to the much more select class of the very, very good.

Mr. Vessey was a Lincolnshire squire who visited "the States" just before the Civil War. His diary account of his visit, now inadequately edited by his grandson, Brian Waters, was hardly worth publishing when it was written and, if it is worth publishing now, it is because Mr. Vessey's very naivete makes a good impression. Here is an honest witness at least; and, it is to be feared, at most. For Mr. Vessey was not very bright, not very curious, not very industrious, not very critical (in the good sense; there are plenty of complaints, but that is not criticism). He had one advantage which he did not exploit enough. He was a successful farmer (but not a dirt farmer), and when he talks of soil and crops he is usually worth reading—and believing. If he had done a squire's tour of the United States, he might, by sticking to the price of bullocks at Stamford Fair, have produced a very useful book. But in more ways than one he recalls Mr. Shallow. It is not that he is deeply prejudiced. He disliked tobacco chewing, spitting, some American railroads, Western manners, "democracy" as exemplified in Fernando Wood's New York. But he thought that the rebellion of 1776 was, on the whole, a "good thing." He was willing to consider the possibility that a poor Englishman might really better himself by emigrating and he came to the conclusion that an established church was a mistake.

But fairness of mind is not enough. There is the mind to consider. Mr. Vessey was both incurious and credulous. For a farmer, even a gentleman farmer, he seems to have lacked relevant curiosity. Thus he never seems to have discovered (indeed if he knew the fact) why the English immigrants in Illinois settled on the prairie, not in the woods. But his real weakness is best displayed in his treatment of slavery. After a few weeks of a highly selective tour (omitting the Black Belt almost entirely) he came to the conclusion that slavery was no doubt, in some undefined way, wrong, but that the slaveholders were a much maligned group of gentlemen, almost good enough to be the equals of Lincolnshire squires. True, as he went West, he began to have doubts, but he was convinced that he knew. He believed that slaves would answer his questions freely and truthfully, that he had seen a representative sample of the plantation system, that if the nice people in Boston and Charleston could get together all would be well. It is, perhaps, enough to note that he innocently lists a slave sale from the Pierce Butler plantation soon to be immortalized by the possibly unjust but so convincing account of Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble). His general powers of observation are illustrated by his simple description of the *habitants* of Quebec as melancholy and indolent. Mr. Vessey was a nice man; this is a nice book bordering on the unnecessary.

With James Morris we are not only in a new world, the America of Dwight D. Eisenhower, but at a very different level of knowledge, intelligence, and critical power. Mr. Morris's past has to be inferred from stray remarks. He knows the Middle East and can handle a steamer on the Mississippi. He likes and admires America in no condescending fashion and he knows it, or bits of it, well. True, he suffers from not having enough background. If contemporary Chicago depresses him, the Chicago of 1926 would have scared him. He takes the traditional picture of a tough, brawling Seattle too seriously. There is that aspect, but there are others. There are signs that Mr. Morris is not yet quite "acclimated" as the Americans put it. He may still be the kind of Englishman who thinks of a station wagon as a "shooting brake." But what a good book this is!

There is, first of all, its astonishing range. We have life seen from the resident's point of view in a New Jersey village. We have uranium miners and Navaho Indians. We have sketches of some of the most savage forms of evangelical religion in the South and a much more sympathetic account of the officially banned *penitentes* in New Mexico. We have a deserved paean to San Francisco and a cool but not too cruel account of Los Angeles.

These are travel book musts? No doubt, but Mr. Morris is not at all an uncritical traveler. He notes the importance of washing the car as part of the great celebration of Easter. (It may be surmised that, like many European visitors, Mr. Morris found much contemporary American religiosity hard to take.) We have the noble spectacle of Mr. Lucius Beebe setting himself on a bar stool. (But can any man who, however briefly, went to Yale be properly described as "Bostonian"?) There is a moving and fascinating account of "Life on the Mississippi," although it may be suspected that those adroit politicians, the Army Corps of Engineers, have sold Mr. Morris a bill of goods. There is a caustic account of the degradation of the rain-making rituals at Taos that may be commended to credulous tourists and to readers of Edmund Wilson and Jacquetta Hawkes. "The contagion of the world's slow stain" is oozing in from Texas and New York.

But if Mr. Morris likes old cultures in their pristine form, as exemplified in the Canadian inn he encountered in New England, he is not one of those starry-eyed admirers of primitive cultures who can't see straight. His brisk account of the differences between the Mexican and United States's ways of dealing with a great natural catastrophe may be commended to the innocently well-meaning and may owe something to Mr. Morris's having been to Petra and to his knowledge of what can hap-

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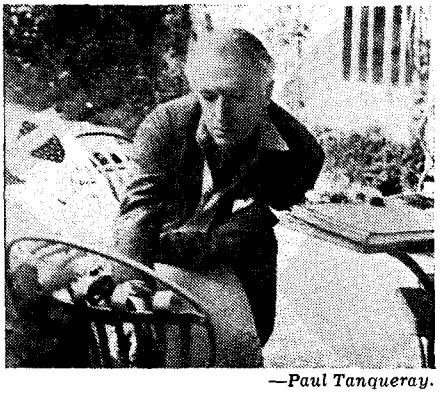
pen, through technical incompetence, idleness, and conceit, in an antique land. Spiritual qualities are all very well but competent engineering and sanitation are not to be despised.

As I have said, Mr. Morris likes and "feels" America. But he is very far indeed from being uncritical. And he shows his originality by being most critical, most angry, most alarmed about the South. He has been struck by the role of mere romantic nonsense in the Southern *ethos*, by the importance attached to more or less bogus pedigrees, by the innocent aping of a type of English snobbery that, in England, has to be disguised by devices like Nancy Mitford's "U" bomb. The British visitor to the South is only too familiar with the problem. What do you do when a genuinely nice and innocent lady tells you she is kin to "Lord X," naming a minor county family with not a peer in a carload? More serious is the mounting racial tension. But here Mr. Morris, a newcomer, does not note, or note enough, that the tension is not new and that the very themes now being debated so bitterly could not have been debated thirty, even ten years ago. *Eppur se muove.* Then I seem to have been luckier than Mr. Morris in that I have met fewer pathological types. But the report from the South, though alarming and perhaps a little too excited, is well worth reading. Mr. Morris, I fear, will not be welcomed back to Dixie; but he may not care.

IF Mr. Morris handles big themes well (passion in reply to passion is not necessarily entirely a fault), he is also good on small ones. There is the news of the impact of the motel on the English traveler. There is the right appreciation of the psychological importance of the train in American folklore though fewer and fewer people ride the trains. (Mr. Morris notes the overwhelming importance of freight. But this is an old story. "Passengers are as much use to a railroad as tits to a man" said that great railroader, James J. Hill.) I wonder was Huey Long "the most detestable of little dictators" even by American standards? If so, why? Does Henry Wallace still live in Des Moines? Is he even a legal resident of Iowa? Mr. Morris who has a weakness for the comfortably antique will regret to learn that *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is now modernizing its offices, and he has understated the place of Independence, Mo., in Mormon eschatology. But as one who has read literally hundreds of travel books about America—indeed, as one who owns hundreds—I should like to give my nickel's worth: this is one of the very best travel books, one of the very best impressions of contemporary America I have ever read. It may well become a classic.

PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE PODIUM: Back in the high-flying Twenties, it was the vogue for English writers to make lecture tours of this country, after which they returned home to write books poking fun at the vulgarisms of Americans. This seemed to make everyone happy, for despite their condescending tone the books sold famously on the American market. Another result seems to be that over the years Americans have become less terribly vulgar. At least such would be the impression gained from reading **"I Take Great Pleasure,"** by Cecil Beaton (John Day, $3.50). A year or so ago Mr. Beaton, England's most chi-chi portrait photographer, was persuaded to undertake a lecture tour of America, and one can almost feel the glee with which he prepared to store up material for the book-to-follow. But somehow things did not turn out as they used to. Mr. Beaton tries hard to ring all the old supercilious notes, but somehow the tone isn't true. There is very little ridiculous today—except an occasional case of overweight—about the American chairlady or the clubwomen who listen to visiting lecturers. The author makes



—*Paul Tanqueray.*

much of the fact that he was almost invariably introduced as *See-sil* Beaton. (He then robs this of its sting by informing us that the right pronunciation is *Sissil,* which is no less weird.) But for the rest Mr. Beaton (sometimes called *Bay-ton,* he reports with a shudder) writes with a prolonged dullness which, we hope, was not characteristic of the lecture he delivered across the United States. Somehow the book seems like a photograph which the master conceived in full color, but which persists in turning out black-and-white.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

The Sharp Observer

"The World at Home," by Anne O'Hare McCormick *(Alfred A. Knopf. 343 pp. $4.50), is a gathering of essays about the state of the United States between 1925 and World War II by* The New York Times*'s distinguished editorial writer and correspondent. Our reviewer, Walter Johnson, is author of "William Allen White's America" and other books.*

By Walter Johnson

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK was a great journalist. During the last years of her career her regular column "Abroad," appearing on the editorial page of *The New York Times,* won her wide respect as an intelligent interpreter of world affairs.

Over the years she also wrote brilliant articles on the American scene for the *Times.* Her experience and understanding of other cultures greatly sharpened her own perception of and appreciation for American life and institutions. "The World At Home" is a selection from her writings on the American scene. Mrs. McCormick is revealed in these writings as one of those rare journalists whose sensitivity, freshness, and vividness make her comments as live and as relevant today as they were when they were written.

While the first six articles, written from 1925 to 1931, cover such subjects as Florida, the U.S. Senate, and the changing South, the vast majority of the selections describe the nation in the gloom of Depression, the "tremendous entrance" of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the Washington scene, and the New Deal's repairing and rebuilding. The concluding selections center on Roosevelt in the role of war leader. The book is a revealing study of the mood of a great nation trying to extricate itself from economic catastrophe while growing more socially conscious as it does so. It is, also, a frank and convincing study of the temperament of President Roosevelt, his mass appeal and the strength and weakness of his leadership.

Writing in August 1931 Mrs. McCormick stressed the timidity, the poverty of ideas, and the "panic of the spirit" of the leaders of big business and politics. But on Main Street she found that the average citizen, although troubled and insecure, had a real sense of cooperation and neighborliness and was doing more than bankers, big businessmen, or politicians to meet the human crisis of the Depression. Main Street, she wrote,

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wanted action and audacity. It wanted leadership from the top to tell it with assurance which way to turn. The criticism of Wall Street on Main Street she interpreted as "the death of a dogma"—that money is itself omnipotent.

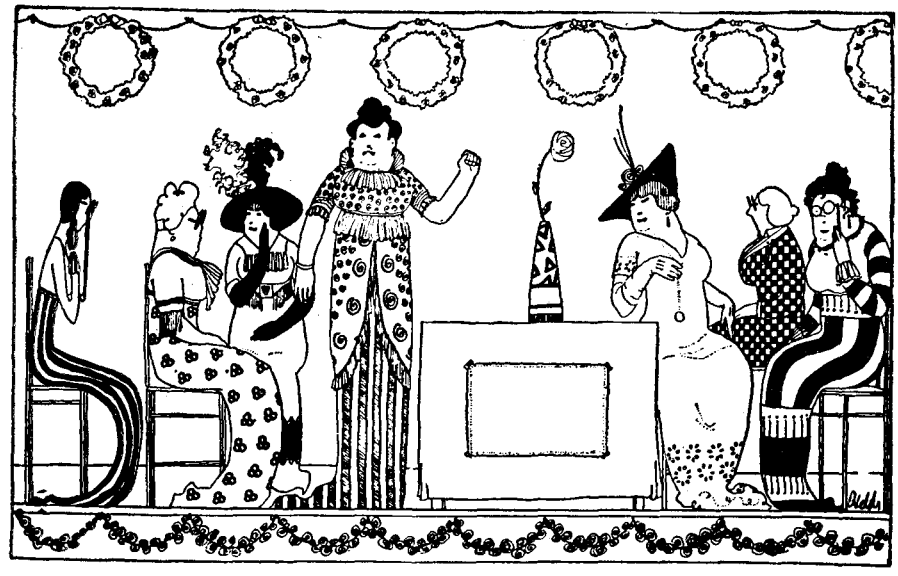
By September 1932 she interpreted the public's mood as one of revolt against inaction. And she described candidate Roosevelt as a man with "a singular zest for the adventure of life," as a man with gusto who believed in humanizing government.

In February 1933, Mrs. McCormick stressed that Roosevelt's conception of statesmanship was "to simplify government and give the citizen a clear sense of direction." Roosevelt, she felt, meant the return of the political mind to the White House.

In her writings over the next several years she pointed out that Roosevelt was non-theoretical, a trial-and-error person who felt free to try anything or reject anything. She stressed his genius at interpreting popular movements and his capacity to rise to great demands. Touring the nation in the autumn of 1934 she described how the face of the nation was changing as the result of TVA, PWA, and the various relief projects. But more important, she wrote, was that the New Deal was forcing Americans to look at America in a searching manner. After describing how Roosevelt's actions sometimes were confused and inconsistent, with real insight she added that "he would be the first to claim that the New Deal is a Right-Left march toward a new center." Pointing out in 1936 that Roosevelt was neither a revolutionary nor a crusader she predicted that he would go as far as he could with popular support on the path of experiment and reform. His historic role, she sensed, was "to shape and characterize a transition which nothing can stop."

During the war Mrs. McCormick still found Roosevelt the self-assured Happy Warrior. Small and short-sighted he sometimes was, she wrote in April 1945, "but in large issues, and especially in world affairs, he was a man of clear vision."

These selections from Mrs. McCormick's writings take the reader through twenty hectic years—years of feverish stock market speculation, grim Depression, the excitement and exhilaration of the New Deal, and the years of war when America emerged as the leader of the allied coalition. Helpful editorial material has been furnished in a useful but unobtrusive fashion. The vividness and sensitivity of Mrs. McCormick's writings, as James Reston points out in his introduction, "gave to her reporting the dimension of wisdom and prophecy."



—*By John Held, Jr. in* Judge *(1912), collected in "Cartoon Cavalcade" (Simon and Schuster).*

THE ONLY WAY

Speaker: "The only way we can gain woman's suffrage is by making our appeal through our charm, our grace, and our beauty."

The Feminine Touch in Politics

"The Lady and the Vote," by Marion K. Sanders *(Houghton Mifflin. 172 pp. $2.95), is a woman politician's analysis of the role of her sex in American politics today. Our reviewer is Bess Furman of* The New York Times*'s Washington staff.*

By Bess Furman

"THE Lady and the Vote" is a highly personalized and often hilarious approach to politics. Its author, Marion Sanders, is the brave woman Democrat who ran against the firmly entrenched Rep. Katherine St. George, New York Republican, in the Eisenhower year of 1952. Mrs. Sanders is also quite a writer, with a background of having been one of the United States Government's top propagandists in World War II and after. She was, in fact, editor of the Russian-language magazine *Amerika*.

Far along in her text Mrs. Sanders advances this thesis: "A woman who has run for office has contracted an incurable case of political fever. She is a solid gain to the party's work force." Whether or not this actually is axiomatic, it happened to her with quotable results:

- President Eisenhower habitually gives Republican ladies a fatherly pat on their moral and spiritual values.
- When a politician is on the sidelines quaintness sets in rapidly. Exceptions are Tom Dewey and Harry Truman, whose wind and speed are so far as anyone can see unimpaired.
- Contrary to popular belief, a great deal more contented cackling than hair-pulling goes on at hen parties.
- Since the election of a married woman to state or national office often involves the uprooting of a valued male there is a chronic shortage of good female candidates.
- The standard posture of the female politician is defensive. We plant one foot high above grubby political practices and the other on a rock inscribed, "In our aspirations and capacities we are identical with men." No wonder our stance is wobbly.

This last-quoted passage is her pithy summary. That theme runs as an uneasy thread through her text. But she never quite grapples with "The Lady and the Vote" in the style of which she so obviously is master.

As it is, women about to do campaign battle will find Mrs. Sanders's book plum-filled with the fruits of four years of practical politics—a bit more palatable, of course, to women Democrats than to women Republicans, though she gives many specific instances from both parties.

She classifies women politicians as Grand Dames, Great Battle Axes, Lesser Battle Axes, Yes Women, Operators, and Ardent Amateurs. She lists herself with the Lesser Battle Axes. To the "Yes Women" she concedes about half the present political place of women, including those in high appointed office. These are the women, she says, who "were frightened in infancy by a man with a big

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cigar in his mouth and still quiver in his presence." Eternal verity for them, she continues, is "THE WORD he enunciates." And she adds, "They are cheerful, contented, and generally tongue-tied."

However, Mrs. Sanders sees hope for diminishing the number of the Yes Women in the break-up of the old petty patronage political machines and the inrush of the Ardent Amateurs. She quotes the complaint of a "vintage Yes Woman": "I'm real worried. Even the City Court is hiring from the Civil Service. I just don't know how I am going to take care of my girls."

She classifies men politicians, too, and sees a light-gleam in the new attitude of some of the Working Pros— "The smart ones know there are votes in those coffee hours." Indeed, she records, New York's Carmine G. De Sapio took "the invidious prefix 'co-" off the women leaders in that state's assembly districts, terming them "Leaders, Female" and "Leaders, Male."

Mrs. Sanders debunks "The Dinner" as a party fund-raising divice, at least for Democrats. She pays high tribute to the husbands of women in politics, from the early suffragists on down, including her own, the Hon. Dr. Theodore M. Sanders. She even lets him speak his piece in her book. His conclusion: "I'm glad I have only one wife to give to my party."

But she brushes only lightly with the psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists who currently make newspaper and magazine copy by bemoaning women's so-called loss of the female role. Yet she gives clear indication of how well she could take the subject on completely. She comments that Caesar's wife has been worrying about her reputation for centuries, and says, "Now, in addition, we worry about our adjustment, our 'femaleness,' our neurotic dissimilarity to those ever-suckling Polynesians so beloved of Margaret Mead."

Noting that the spectacular records made by the early suffrage leaders "have been strangely elided from our history books," Mrs. Sanders valiantly fills that void, supplying present-day women voters with their historic background. She traces women's status "Up from Coverture"— defined as a situation in which "the very being or legal existence of women is suspended, or at least incorporated into that of her husband, under whose wing or protection or cover she performs everything." She describes the bitter disappointment of the early suffragists when their efforts won the vote for the Negro but not for themselves.

"From this disappointment the leaders of the movement never fully recovered," she says. "It sowed the seeds of the gnawing distrust of men in general and politicians in particular which was to keep their successors out of politics' main currents long after the vote was won." She calls for an end of this old male-female guerilla warfare in newly-vitalized political parties.

However, when chronicling the suffrage victory, she skips on her silver skates clear across the chasm which developed between the women themselves at the moment of a victory finally won by Alice Paul's Congress-harassing and White House-picketing tactics. Miss Paul did come to Washington as lobbyist for the cohorts of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Carrie Chapman Catt. But she had barely got going when they diluted their suffrage amendment to call only for compulsory referendums in the states. So Miss Paul formed her own aggressive National Women's Party, which has been a gnat-sized political group stinging Congress ever since. Gathering enough lobbying momentum, it may one day even win the Equal Rights Amendment. And such of Mrs. Catt's cohorts who didn't go on back home organized themselves into the National League of Women Voters. These historical facts may also have some bearing on the slow seepage of women leaders into the two great political parties. A few more decades of balloting may show whether women are progressing, starting again at scratch, or are still way back of the eight ball.

CATHOLICS AND THE PRESIDENCY: Did Al Smith lose to Herbert Hoover in 1928 because he was a Roman Catholic? Reams have been written on that campaign, but the first solid study has now been done by Edmund A. Moore in **"A Catholic Runs for President"** (Ronald Press, $3.50). Mr. Moore, chairman of the University of Connecticut's history department, has dug into the activities of Governor Smith's opponents in and out of Congress, in and outside of both parties. It isn't a pleasant picture, especially the examples of what might be called fringe-group pamphleteering.

This study of what the author calls "the campaign within the campaign" is of interest to all those who wonder if it is possible for a Catholic to be a successful Presidential candidate. Yet 1928 did by no means prove that a Catholic could not be elected. Al Smith, four times governor of New York State, and a first-rate one at that, had burdens which would probably have been too heavy for any Democratic conditate to bear in that year. He was a Tammany man, a "wet" when to many voters being against Prohibition was like being for sin, and the nation was in a boom period. The year 1928 just wasn't a Democratic year. It is unlikely that even the "Champ," F. D. Roosevelt, who barely made the grade as governor of New York that year, would have beaten Hoover had he been a candidate instead of Smith. Had Al Smith been a Protestant he could not have successfully bucked the Republican tide.

All this does not lessen the importance of Mr. Moore's book, however, for studies of this sort are most useful in helping prevent the excesses of electioneering in at least one area: the judgement of a man's fitness for the Presidency on the basis of his religion.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

THE JEWISH VOTE: In analyses of elections political scientists are beginning to catch up with professional politicians. Until very recently not enough attention was paid by academicians to ethnic voting. The stress was on pocketbook voting. Since Samuel Lubell published "The Future of American Politics" others have begun to make special investigations into how American racial and religious groups vote. In **"The Political Behavior of American Jews"** (Free Press, $4) Lawrence H. Fuchs, assistant professor of American politics at Brandeis University, has made a worthy contribution in this field.

He points out that being Jewish sometimes influences one's political attitudes and behavior. In that sense there is a Jewish vote, says Mr. Fuchs, just as there is an Irish, Polish, Armenian, and even Baptist and Episcopalian vote. Through the years the preponderance of Jews, according to the author, has switched from party to party. After Jefferson, Americans of Jewish faith supported Lincoln, Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, and were largely Republican. The beginning of a change came in Wilson's period, although the Democrats did not make their full break-through until the years of F. D. R.

The trend as a whole has had reverse eddies in all periods. It was, however, the rise of Hitler and the interventionist policies of F. D. R. coming together which lined up Jewish voters pretty solidly. President Eisenhower has begun to swing that same vote toward the Republican party. If he should accelerate that move it will be one more crack in the F. D. R. coalition that historians will be able to credit to the man who wasn't supposed to be a politician at all.

Other books like Mr. Fuchs's on other ethnic groups would do a great deal to bring political scientists up to the level of the political managers' knowledge of the American voter.

—L. L. L. G.

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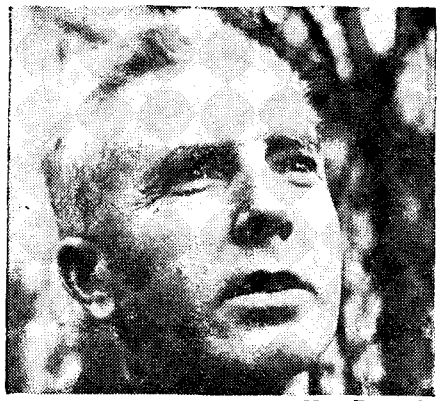

—Marc Foucault.

Jules Roy—"terse and classical."

Adele Wiseman—"eternal themes."

—Henry Ries.

Mary Lee Settle—". . . unusual materials."

Search for Woman

"The Unfaithful Wife," by Jules Roy *(translated by J. Robert Loy. Alfred A. Knopf. 178 pp. Paperbound, $1.25), is the story of two French airmen who learn a great deal about themselves while trying to locate the widow of one of their buddies.*

By Daniel B. Dodson

WHEN the translation of Jules Roy's first novel, "The Navigator," was published in this country a few months ago, it received a generally enviable critical acclaim. His second novel, "The Unfaithful Wife," is terse, authentic, and classical—classical in a long French literary tradition which can support "La Princesse de Clèves" on the one end and "Les Silences de la Mer"—or "Bonjour Tristesse"—on the other. Here again no attempt is made to disguise the simplicity of the pattern—the search for a woman—or the rather rudimentary symbolism of woman's replacing, or being replaced by, airplane. As M. Roy would seem to argue, woman and airplane have their affinities, and apparently they are both here to stay.

To begin with, who but a Frenchman would have the temerity to call a serious novel "The Unfaithful Wife"? But this is no Americanized whim of (an excellent) translation; you can do nothing else with "La Femme Infidèle." And second, only a novelist with an assured artistic sense would start a serious story with a dead hero. As this brief tale opens, Lieutenant Ferrer, the most accomplished pilot in a squadron of treacherous "Davis" airplanes (the original Martin B-26, I suspect) based in Algeria, an oasis of World War II, has plunged to certain death in Mediterranean waters after losing an engine in take-off. Two men, his squadron commander and his deputy-commandant, set out to locate his widow, Hélène Ferrer. In the course of the afternoon's search they discover a good many things about Lieutenant Ferrer, about Hélène Ferrer, and about themselves. That Mme. Ferrer has been flagrantly and tastelessly unfaithful they both know, one of them from the best evidence in the world. Bearing their sense of complicity, their relationship with the shadow that was Lieutenant Ferrer with them, they work jointly, and yet separately, toward the symbol of woman, Hélène Ferrer: desired, desirable, and to be desired. As the search narrows, so does the focus.

Hélène Ferrer is not simply another in the long series of Gallic ladies with an implacable penchant for sexual variety. In her best scene, a solo in bed while awaiting her current lover, she reminds one as well of a literary niece of Molly Bloom. She is conscious of having been rejected, of having been replaced in her husband's affections for the perilous liaison with the Davis. Her rejection has led her into sexual extravagance, and perhaps the best terms to describe her are those which she patently invites, aeronautical. She has "negative stability"; she must be flown every minute or she will wander off course.

And finally there is Lieutenant Ferrer, the specter who haunts the searchers and the searched. We see him only once, in flashback, and then obliquely, through someone else's passion-distorted recollection. Bearing his horns heavily, he is apologetic, but helpless.

It has been suggested that Jules Roy is a second Saint-Exupéry, a study of whom he was written. He is not. We do not need a second Saint-Exupéry. Their kinship is simply that of the artist who uses another facet of experience to illuminate man, the experience man brings back with him from the sky.

Search for Home

"The Sacrifice," by Adele Wiseman *(Viking. 346 pp. $3.95), is a story of a Jewish family which finds refuge in a Canadian town and of its efforts to keep intact its ties with its heritage.*

By Meyer Levin

WHEN the names Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, and Ruth are used in a modern novel one feels constantly the intended relationship to their archetypes, as well as a thrust for deeper rhythms in the unfolding of the contemporary life-tales. Adele Wiseman's "The Sacrifice" is subtitled "a novel of fathers and sons," and the intention to echo archaic and never-exhausted themes is again emphasized in the personification of Abraham, the father-figure, as a man who wields the knife of sustenance, for he is a butcher by trade. Abraham becomes the tragic emblem of death-in-life, in life that is loved, and this simple but profound Jew expressed Freud's thought eloquently when he tells his friend Chaim of a family death: "I think death is sown in all of us when we are conceived, and grows within the womb of life, feeding on it until it bursts out. Then we say that life is dead. But really death is born."

Eternal themes echo through the structure of this remarkable first novel. There are echoes of the original Abraham's search for a land where he could be free in the novel's opening scene when Abraham and Sarah and their son Isaac, refugees from Russia, descend upon impulse at a railway station short of their destination in Canada.

He finds work with a butcher named Polsky, and the novel then becomes a tale of immigrant adjustment, a part of a considerable body of literature that includes works from "The Rise of

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Abraham Levinsky" to Charles Angoff's beautiful series on Jewish family life in Boston.

While Miss Wiseman's book cannot rank with Angoff's work in fullness of evocation, it has a *landsleit* relationship. The same folkloristic background memory of the Jewish hamlet in the old country, the same intense attachment to Jewish values of uprightness and decency in human relationship, guides the central immigrant characters.

"The Sacrifice" is close to another recent first novel, Sam Astrachan's "An End To Dying," which shows the young American Jew exploring the lives of his immediate forebears in seeking his peace with society. Thus it is Moses, the grandson of Abraham, a college boy and violinist, who gives us the final orientation in "The Sacrifice" when he confronts Abraham in an asylum.

How Abraham got there is the burden of the tale. To his butchershop crony, Chaim the chicken-slaughterer, Abraham at the outset recounts the ghastly pogrom in which two of his sons were murdered. This sent him on his way to the new land. Only the youngest boy, Isaac, remains.

Abraham tells, too, of a traumatic episode when he was an apprentice, and was forced by his employer at one time to engage in ritual slaughter without having holy sanction. This memory serves, perhaps in a forced manner, to motivate the novel's climax. Isaac has grown, a sensitive, free-thinking garment worker, married to an orphan girl named Ruth. The free-thinker, passing a burning synagogue, is impelled to rush in and rescue the Torah. This results in Isaac's invalidism and death. Abraham lives alone with his daughter-in-law and grandson.

When they seem about to leave him the old man wanders off and visits a Lilith-figure, Laiah, who is a card-game hostess in the back room of butcher Polsky's enlarged premises. In a crazed misunderstanding he seizes a knife and cuts her throat. Thus, the ultimate image of the novel is unfortunately the mythological image of the man with the slaughtering knife; Miss Wiseman has daringly attempted to make this Abraham as loved as his prototype, though more to be pitied.

There may be some question as to whether the plotted climax is not forced in relationship to the rest of the novel, where the real richness of the book is to be found.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 24, 23, 10, 12, 25, 17, 8, 6, 20, 22, 3, 21, 19, 16, 4, 9, 13, 18, 11 or 7, 7 or 11, 15, 5, 14, 1, 2.

REVOLUTIONARY JOURNALIST: The generally clear line of division between standard costume romances and novels of substantial historical recreation sometimes is blurred unhappily, as in Elizabeth Linington's **"The Long Watch."** (Viking Press, $3.95). She defines it herself as first "the story of a man and his job," and also "the story of a few years in the life of a city," the same being New York at the time of the American Revolution. To the extent that it follows her definition it has some considerable merits. Yet the man-woman stories interwoven prominently in it are for the most part tediously stock stuff dragging the book down from the level to which it aspired.

James Bethune, her hero, becomes associated with a newspaper she calls *The New York Courier*. Through his rise in his profession an interesting picture of early American journalism and its role in the political struggles of the day is sketched for us. The shade of John Peter Zenger is invoked on the question of editorial freedom.

The main emotional thread involves the story of how young Bethune, son of an indentured Scot in Virginia, almost innocently betrays the daughter of the man to whom his father had been articled. He runs away, but his life is haunted for years by the guilt of having wronged the young girl whom he had scarcely known, yet loved. Truly large human themes disclose themselves here, but must contend with the sense of contrivance that diminishes their impact. So it is that Miss Linington's novel seems to fall between stools, rather than lend itself clearly to either the better or lesser categories of which it has partial elements. —Edmund Fuller.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PIONEERS: A crowded, elaborately constructed, spirited novel of the days before the American Revolution, Mary Lee Settle's **"O Beulah Land"** (Viking Press, $3.95) deserves high recommendation. Miss Settle has made intelligent use of unusual materials which she found in the library of the British Museum, and she has presented them in a rhythmic prose that is consistently rescued from too great sentimentality by her good taste and her desire to suggest rather than to over-expose.

The novel gets under way haltingly with a "Prologue" that dulls the reader's interest. Once the narrative begins on Braddock's march the story becomes absorbing. The account of the battle is masterful, perhaps the best ever written, and with its aftermath comes the theme presented with sureness and literary distinction. While superfluous characters are edged out of the story, those who are important to it take on qualities that make them a memorable gallery. Particularly striking portraits of young Jonathan Lacey, a Virginian seeking to establish a county west of the mountains, of Jarcey Pentacost, a small but courageous printer, who goes with him, and of Zeke Catlett, Jeremiah's son, are presented with clarity of definition and a true understanding of human motivations. Most effective of all, however, is Miss Settle's characterization of Sal, Jonathan's wife, who pathetically clings to the aristocratic notions she first gained in Virginia in the midst of a multi-lingual pioneering community where hostile nature and hostile Indians make a democratic way of life the only practical road to survival.

Miss Settle is able to introduce, without awkwardness, the economic and sociological problems of the pre-Revolutionary period and make them have a direct bearing on the lives she is concerned with. She also uses the dialect of the actors in her drama with authority and finesse, never striking a false note.

Despite its faults "O Beulah Land" ranks far above the formula-ridden and sensational historical novels that have misinterpreted American history in recent years. It deserves serious consideration as a work of art and it promises much for Miss Settle's future. —Carl Carmer.

ALSO NOTED: "A Young Man's Fancy," by Adrian Bell (Abelard-Schuman, $3), is the story of a youth who ripens into maturity by meeting a woman who teaches him love and illusion and by learning the art of writing the hard way as an itinerant journalist. Mr. Bell, a veteran English novelist, here offers a glimpse into London and rural middle-class family life with just the right touch of sentimentality and cultural detail to make it worth the curious reader's time.

"It's Always Four O'Clock," by James Updyke (Random House, $3.50), attempts to dig the inside lowdown on the makings of a jazz combo, the Royal Trio. In "cool" language the young and struggling Stan, a jazz guitar player, renders the story of the frenzied and sometimes incomprehensible relationships of Walt, the handsome bass man; Royal, the brilliant but unstrung pianist; and Berte, the girl singer with her claws out for Walt. The author, purportedly a noted novelist, has written this minor-key venture under a pseudonym and turns out a readable but insubstantial fiction arrangement.

"One Small Candle," by Mary Linehan MacKinnon (Crown, $3.50), offers a slice of mid-eighteenth-century

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Converting Red Tape Into Food

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Paul Comly French, former Executive Director of CARE, who has studied the food surplus problem at first hand in many parts of the world.*

HALF of the human race goes to bed hungry every night. The United States has nearly $9,000,000,000 worth of farm surplus in storage throughout the country.

The American people have paid for the surplus with taxes. They are also paying more than $1,000,000 a day in storage charges. Estimates of deterioration, which cannot be officially confirmed, run from several hundred thousand dollars a day to as high as $2,000,000 a day.

Most of the discussion in Government circles in Washington centers on the reduction of production rather than on distribution. This disturbs me. I refuse to believe that a nation able to perfect the atomic bomb and the hydrogen bomb does not have sufficient ability to move desperately necessary food from storage bins where they are rotting to places where children are hungry.

There are several reasons why we do not use these surpluses more effectively, although I believe that the obstacles can be overcome with boldness and imagination. A major objection comes from the Department of State, which fears the reaction of our allies if we send surpluses to nations which normally buy their farm products. This certainly is a valid concern and should be given due consideration, but it should not be accepted per se without attempting to overcome it. I have talked with many of our top officials, both in the Executive and the legislative branches of our Government, and they all agree that we should use our food to meet human needs. It is when one seeks to implement the general agreement that trouble develops and the bureaucrats point out reasons why it is nearly impossible to do anything imaginative or dramatic.

None of these impresses me. I have seen hungry children around the world. I have been in seventy-one countries on five continents and I do not agree that red tape and rules and regulations should prevent us from using our food, the God-given plenty of our land, to help our friends in need. What was done last week in arranging for some $300,000,000 of food surplus to be sent to India is a good example of how imagination and ingenuity can be put to work in unwinding red tape.

I HAVE spoken all over the country. Always in the question period I am asked why we cannot use food for the hungry. I patiently explain the official reasons and am always told that these reasons make no sense. Of course, my questioners are right and are far ahead of our Governmental officials. Recently an interdepartmental committee reported to the President, after an eighteen months study, that little could be done to increase the export of surpluses and that it would take nine years to dispose of what we have even if exports could be increased by 50 per cent. It is obvious that what took years to accumulate cannot be moved overnight, but a more aggressive program could be started that had a broader concept of the use that could be made of our food and fiber stocks.

When surplus is sold for local currencies our ambassador and the receiving government agree on the use of the local funds. Sometimes this requires fairly long negotiations. Very frequently buying countries are loath to have their currency used for services which the United States would normally pay for in dollars. Because of the ensuing red tape and protocol I am sure that much more could be accomplished if the United States Government would contract with commercial agencies or private non-profit agency, created for this purpose, for the sale for dollars, for local currency, for barter, and for relief, rehabilitation, and land settlement projects. There is a precedent for this in the contracts that the International Cooperation Administration makes with land grant colleges and universities and with engineering firms. Such a plan would help to eliminate red tape and give the needed flexibility to work out a series of mutually advantageous programs. A private agency, for example, could use a sizable part of the local currency to pay costs for land resettlement programs in undersettled nations and could help overpopulated countries by providing fertile land for settlers. Surplus, at this point, could help to feed the settlers until they were self supporting. This would have three values. Help the surplus land countries; help the surplus population countries; and help the surplus food countries.

From informal conversation that I have had with some of the leaders of other surplus countries, I feel that some of them, perhaps all of them, might well be willing to cooperate in such programs.

Certainly little could be lost in attempting some dramatic and bold program to move greater quantities of surplus than we are now doing.

Since I left CARE I have spent several days a week in Washington for the past year seeking an answer to this problem. In conjunction with farm, educational, and labor leaders I have organized a non-profit, private agency called WORLD, Inc. (World Organization for Rehabilitation and Land Development, Inc.) with the sole purpose in mind of developing programs which would let us use this greatest weapon in the arsenal of democracy.

At times it has been discouraging, but I am certain that the idea is fundamentally right, and am sure that sooner or later a bold, dramatic, and intelligent program can be formulated to make our food surplus effectively serve human needs across the world.

—PAUL COMLY FRENCH.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DICTION'S DUE

BRUSH THE DUST off your Fowler and read what he said about "due to" used as though it were a compound preposition like "owing to." It is well enough for bankers to placard their front doors with "Due to the holiday, this bank will be closed July 4," but we expect better diction from *SR*. Just keep in mind Ernest Weekley's classic specimen found in another erring American journal: "The American girl, due primarily to the hot climate, regards learning to swim as . . ."

CARL GILBERT GAUM.

Cleveland, Ohio.

METAVOCE

PLEASE LET me know when Miss Renata Tebaldi became a tenor, as mentioned in "In and Out of 'Who's Who'" (*SR* Aug. 18).

LEO CHANG.

Youngstown, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Larsen, the author, joins the editors in apologizing for the miscueing of Soprano Renata Tebaldi.*

THINK OF A MAN

I CONSIDER N.C.'s editorial "Think of a Man" (*SR* Aug. 4) a great contribution to clear thinking on the menace of radiation.

Although a modest private citizen I shall add my voice as one member of the human race that something be done along the lines brought out in your editorial—I eagerly await more inspired messages from *SR*.

W. R. CLEARY.

Chicago, Ill.

CLEAR CIARDI

BECAUSE OF vacation lethargy, I have just got around to reading Ciardi's "Poverty on Parnassus" (*SR* July 28). It was my misfortune to have waited so long. This is one exquisite article: clear, commonsensical, just. I can take a great deal more Ciardi.

ROBERT SHERRILL.

College Station, Texas.

PROSE ILLUSTRATING POETRY

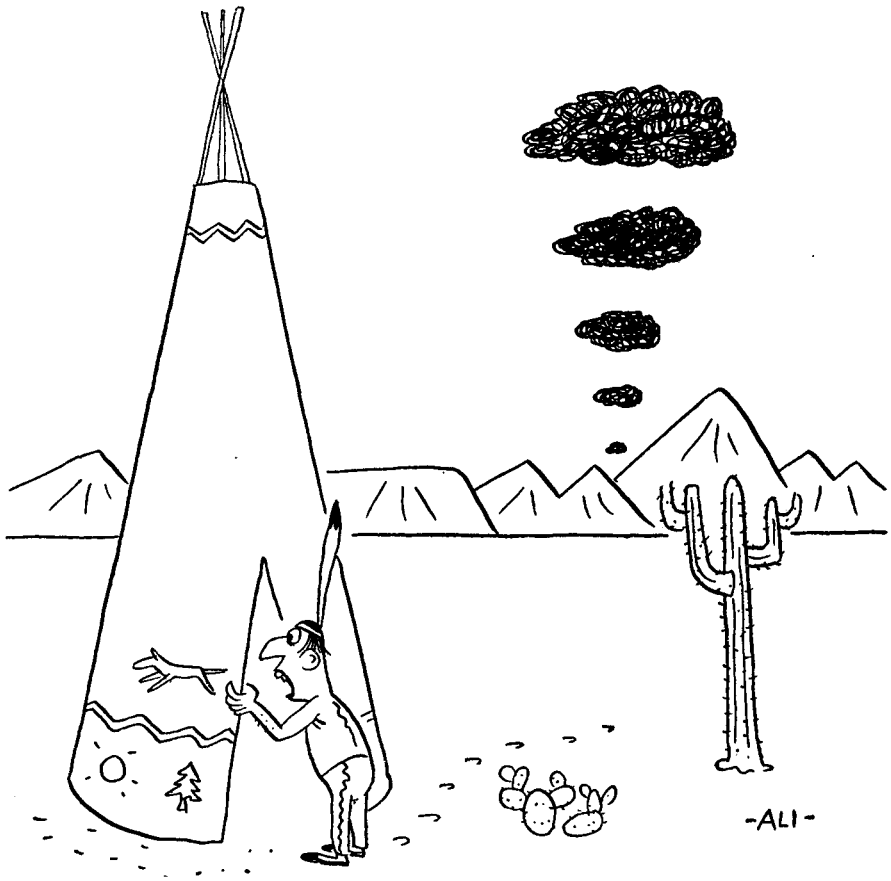
IN *SR* AUG. 11 appeared the poem "A Praise of Good Poets in a Bad Age," by John Ciardi, your poetry editor. In an earlier issue he had included an article entitled "Everyone Writes (Bad) Poetry."

Was his poem in memory of Wallace Stevens intended to illustrate his article? If so, it was highly successful. What manner of poetry—except *bad* poetry—would contain silly affectations like "Caroo, Caballero! The States lack word of cockles" and "Noon in the Potomac could do for a scripture to midnight."

Poetry is supposed to be truth. The sole line in this seventy-two-line effusion which rings true is: "Lord, what we know of doing badly!"

H. W. GLEASON.

Ellsworth, Me.



"It's for you."

SUPERFLUOUS O

I JUST READ in Lincoln Barnett's "The Universe and Dr. Einstein" the following sentence of the great physicist: "That deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power, which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms *my* idea of God."

I'd like to see *SR* run a symposium on others' ideas of God. My own? That an ancient lexicographer, in a hurry to save time and effort, decided to facilitate his job by doing away with a superfluous "o," as "God" and "Good" are synonymous.

F. GREGORY CONNELL, M. D.

Oshkosh, Wis.

A WORD FOR RANDALL JARRELL

MAY I PUT in a word for a former professor of mine—Randall Jarrell—who seems to stand in the need at present? John Ciardi gives him a round rapping for his "academic stupidity." Perhaps I encountered Professor Jarrell *after* the Revelation that "Frost is really a poet!" At any rate I can attest the fact that his modern poetry class at the U. of Illinois in the spring semester of 1953 got a solid two months and then some of pure Frost. (Followed by a month of Marianne Moore and a month of Everybody Else in a rather hasty lump.) Mr. Frost and Mr. Ciardi may assure themselves that Frost's poems got as vivid and reverent and loving a reading as they deserve. There was a minimum of dry analysis and a maximum of sensitive and sympathetic understanding.

ANN HOLMQUIST.

Bala Cynwyd, Penna.

CANADIAN CENTENARY

PLEASE LET ME point out that Chicago is not the only place where the Shaw Centenary was celebrated (*SR* July 21). Earlier this year the University of British Columbia sponsored a Shaw Centennial Festival, a week of special events, lectures, readings, and plays, and the response of students and community was overwhelming.

M. W. STEINBERG.

Vancouver, Canada.

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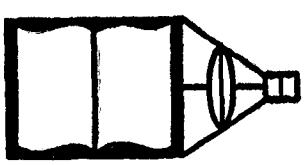

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Joan of Galway

—Culver

Two Saint Joans of yesterday: Sarah Bernhardt (left) and Katharine Cornell (right).

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE miracle of Siobhan McKenna's "Saint Joan" is that without make-up and before our eyes we see a plain homely rustic change into a radiantly beautiful celestial being. There is indeed little awareness of gravity and holiness in the Irish farm lass who runs onstage to tell Beaudricourt he is to give her a horse and send her to the Dauphin. Nor does she consciously outwit the terrible-tempered squire. She simply has so much resiliency from never having been crushed that she can ingenuously interpret his practical arguments as pitiable signs of his own anxieties. Her good-natured attempts to restore this extrovert to mental health with home remedies and plain talk are solid humor. Most effective is her "Jack will go halves for the horse" spoken in a bursting brogue, which leaves Beaudricourt deflated before he can even get up steam.

If one analyzes Miss McKenna's performance technically it might be said that this thirty-three-year-old Irish actress brings to the role the economy of gesture of a Margot Fonteyn, the listening intensity of a Katharine Cornell, and the warm humor and vocal magic of an Irish soul. In addition, Miss McKenna possesses a peerless ability to rush generously into a state of ironclad faith at a moment's notice which makes her ideal for the role of Joan. But one is not apt to regard this simply as a theatrical performance. Rather it is food for the spirit, tonic for the mind. It achieves Shaw's "didactic" ideal in the most-non-sermonizing, non-intellectual sense of the word.

As seen on the Cambridge Drama Festival stage, Miss McKenna constitutes pretty much of a total eclipse of the other performances. Still a few virtues can be noted. Michael Wager's Dauphin mercifully avoids the cuteness that is usually lavished on the role. Using the witty mannerisms of Tyrone Guthrie as a key to style, Mr. Wager presents a true and touching portrait of a Dauphin weak in courage, but strong in self-knowledge. Thayer David's Inquisitor has immense intelligence and a glowingly kind indulgence of human frailty. Peter Falk's British soldier is refreshingly mud-covered. And Richard Purdy is superbly disciplined in two dry comic bits. Earle Hyman seems slightly miscast as Dunois and only occasionally does his lyric talent reconcile itself with the soldier-gruffness of the Bastard.

BECAUSE of an absurd Actors' Equity ruling, director Albert Marre has been obliged to use an American actor in the role of Warwick, and Kent Smith's slow, embroidered performance decreases the effectiveness of what is usually the most amusing scene in the play. Mr. Marre has introduced some entertaining byplay between Warwick and a sultana on a love-couch to illustrate Shaw's contention that when the Crusaders set out to convert the Saracens to Christianity the Saracens converted the English to their sensual ways of life.

The imperfections in this produc-

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tion are, of course, in the process of being corrected for the September 11 premiere in New York. And even at this juncture, Miss McKenna feels that the production here is superior to the one that captured London two seasons back. Her opinion is more valid than one a star might ordinarily express, because a few years ago she translated the play into Gaelic for a production at the Theatre An Taibhdearc. This not only gave her a deeper knowledge of the play, but impressed upon her the lyrical quality of Shaw's lines. To her surprise "Saint Joan," unlike most English plays, flowed naturally into Gaelic rhythms, with the "I am alone" passage even more beautiful in translation.

Miss McKenna also found a great deal of her own mother in the character of Joan. Mrs. McKenna was a woman of undauntable faith who accepted visions as a routine part of daily existence. Once, when Mr. McKenna was up for election to a chair in physics at Galway University and anxious to receive a simple majority of eight out of fifteen votes, Mrs. McKenna, after divine consultation, assured him and the young Siobhan that he would get thirteen votes. Her husband scoffed, as this seemed to him an impossibly high total to achieve. When the head of the department came to inform the McKennas of his election Mrs. McKenna showed no emotion, but quietly asked, "And how many votes did he get?" When he replied, "Thirteen," Mrs. McKenna nodded in satisfaction. Her voices had kept faith with her.

Miss McKenna, who is married to actor Denis O'Dea and has an eight-year-old son at school in Dublin, is both university-intelligent and farm-girl direct. Her manner of dress is neither elegantly chic nor rebelliously careless. Her broad, lightly-freckled face and neat determined speech are forbidding features, but these are happily balanced with a fine sense of humor and a passionate willingness to give of herself. An example of her deep sensitivity is her unwillingness to suggest cast replacements for a couple of the actors whose performances are liabilities to this production. "When I think what being replaced does to an actor," she says, "I feel no show is worth that damage."

In Ireland, Miss McKenna, who trained at the Abbey with F. J. McCormick, whom she considered Ireland's greatest actor, is best known for her performances as Pegeen Mike in "Playboy of the Western World" and Deirdre in "Deirdre of the Sorrows." She has made the following records: "Juno and the Paycock" (Angel), "Irish Poems and Ballads" (Spoken Arts), "Irish Fairy Tales" (Spoken Arts), Philippe Halsman's "Piccoli" (Spoken Arts), The Molly Bloom soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses" (Caedmon), and "Crazy Jane" and other Yeats poems (Caedmon). RCA will probably record the Cambridge Drama Festival "St. Joan" within the next few weeks.

All this constitutes an amazing record of sudden interest in a performer who sneaked into the Broadway limelight last season with her portrayal of Miss Madrigal in "The Chalk Garden." Nevertheless, the acclaim is deserved many times over, and all those who think they've had enough of "Saint Joan" are hereby warned that until they've seen Siobhan McKenna they have had very little of her. —HENRY HEWES.

SIOBHAN McKENNA IN SOUND: For those to whom Siobhan McKenna is just a name associated with Broadway, Cambridge (Massachusetts), London, or Dublin, thanks should be in order for the new recording venture called "Spoken Arts." In a wide survey of non-musical recreation embracing Arthur Miller, Frank Baxter, Padraic Colum, and S. J. Perelman (among others) Miss McKenna's reading of sixteen poems by Yeats plus a dozen Irish ballads, folksongs, and lyrics (Spoken Arts 707) has a special place of honor as well as distinction.

Of course, to include Miss McKenna's mellifluous, varied, absorbing recitations in a category headed "non-musical" is to deal in a contradiction in terms. Had someone set "The Ballad of Moll Magee" or "The Wild Swans at Coole" to formal tones and rhythms, to which Miss McKenna added her own superb sense of timing and pace, she would be acclaimed a great "musical" artist. It is hard to see why the accolade should be withheld simply because Miss McKenna makes it ALL up as she goes along.

For those who have associated Miss McKenna, for better or worse, with a throbby diapasonal organ, it may be well to note that this is an intimate, beautifully focused sound which sounds as well in pure English, a tinge of brogue, or straight Gaelic. Siobhan, we are informed by the commentary of Padraic Colum, means "White Spirit." No one could doubt that some part of the name would mean "spirit," for that is the quality that dominates these evocative efforts, as it does her work on stage. The reproduction, incidentally, is what might be expected from Westminster, which originated it. —I. K.

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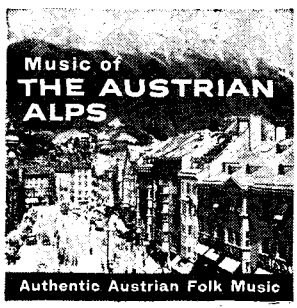

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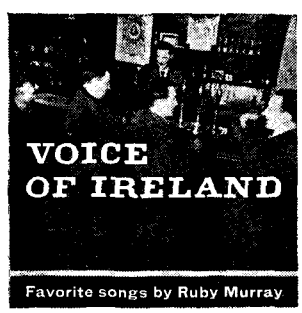

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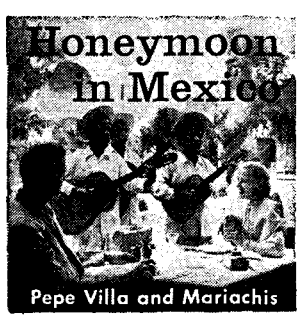

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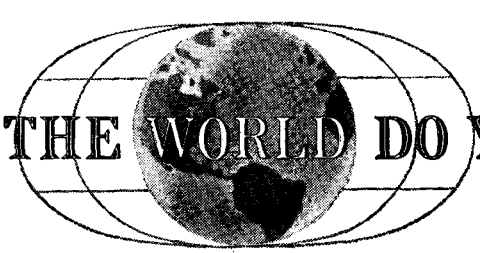

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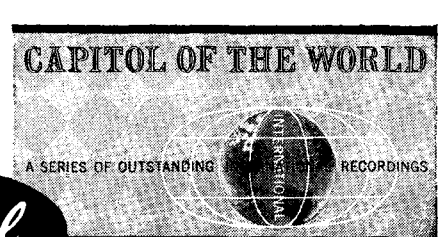

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Dalmatian Festival

AMONG the great number of European drama and music festivals, the one at Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia is by no means a newcomer—this year is its seventh season. If it is still relatively unknown in the United States, it is because of the long distance a tourist has to cover in order to reach this city, which is off the beaten path for the regular summer traveler. Geographically speaking Dubrovnik lies between two other festival grounds, Venice and Athens, and its main attraction is the same as that of its two neighbors—the atmosphere of antiquity. Personally I prefer Dubrovnik to Venice, for this pearl of the Adriatic is still untouched by commercialism.

I would advise a visitor to this fair city to be careful of his postures and gestures, for it is like being on stage, so to speak, no matter where he is. The scenic beauty of Dubrovnik provides an unusual décor, and it is only natural that all of the performances at the Festival are given out in the open, either in the courts of ancient palaces or in front of churches or within walls of fortresses which many centuries ago were built as added protection for the small town, naturally defended by a stone belt of wall surrounding it.

Dubrovnik is one of the few places that can afford to gamble its open-air performances against the weather and always win. During the day the heat is so fierce that the town takes a long siesta between noon and five o'clock, and therefore all of the performances begin at nine in the evening. The Festival, which is held during the two months of July and August and is longer than any other, is evenly divided into Drama and Music. But since theatrical and musical productions are expensive, one should not expect to find in Dubrovnik anything as glamorous as in Edinburgh for instance, which is able to import orchestras from the Continent and the United States and still survive. But even without the great stars of the theatrical and musical world, the performances are most enjoyable.

Right from the earliest days of its existence the Dubrovnik Festival caught the attention of Western audiences with its presentation of "Hamlet." It is given at Lovjenac Fortress and I cannot imagine a more suitable background than the stone walls, stairs, terrace and court of this old structure. The fact that the cast is composed of the most distinguished actors from the Zagreb and Belgrade stage, and speak only in Serbo-Croatian, does not detract from the impressive performance.

One of the most delightful plays I saw was the Renaissance "Dundo Maroja," by Marin Drzic (1508-67). The acting was so good that it is not necessary to understand the language, and I was told that since it was spoken in the Dubrovnik dialect even a Yugoslav could have occasionally benefitted by an interpreter. The action takes place in Rome, where the son of a wealthy Dubrovnik merchant is squandering his father's money on "the first courtesan of Rome." The intrigue gets more involved as the old merchant comes to the rescue, followed by the forgotten fiancee and her mother. It was amusing and played with such gusto that I am certain New York audiences would love it.

To perform at Dubrovnik has no publicity value and the fees are not attractive. But the foreign musicians who do come here are welcomed heartily and the spectators bestow on them what we would consider great ovations. Yury Boukoff, a young Bulgarian pianist who looks like an athlete, gave an interesting recital. Besides the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," he played compositions by Chopin and Scriabin. Considering the sizzling temperatures, he gave a very good account of himself, but final judgment may be reserved until he is heard in his New York début in Town Hall this November.

Byron Colassis, a Greek violinist whom I doubt I shall ever hear again, played Tchaikovsky's Concerto like a Romanian gypsy. I must confess I would have hated to be in the conductor's shoes, but Klaro Mizerit, leading the local orchestra, managed not to lose sight of his soloist. But it was an entirely different story when the exquisite hall of the Rector's Palace was taken over by the Suk Trio from Prague. Although Josef Suk (the composer's grandson and Dvořák's great-grandson) and his colleagues are under thirty, they have already had a long and successful concertizing career.

The fair-haired boy of the Dubrovnik Festival is Antonio Janigro. About ten years ago I heard him for the first time at the Prague Festival, when he came there as a cellist representing the Yugoslav musicians. Janigro is an Italian, born in Milan in 1918. He studied there, and at the Ecole Normale de Musique in Paris with D. Alexanian (of Pablo Casals's school and now, if I am not mistaken, residing in Chicago) and for years he concertized in this part of the world until, tired of Mussolini's regime, he took up residence in Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs have a good reason for considering him one of their own: he speaks the language like a native, has married a Yugoslav girl, and is content to remain a professor at the Zagreb Conservatory although he knows that, as a foreigner, he can never attain a high post. Four years ago he was asked to conduct, and it was then he formed his thirteen-men chamber orchestra—the Zagreb Soloists. While he still plays the cello (almost all of their programs begin with his playing a cello concerto) he is very happy about this new development in his musical career. The limited repertoire of his instrument and the limited public interest in cello recitals are the main reasons, he said. He presented two works that I am sure are not known in the United States. A Symphonietta by Papandopulo (a Yugoslav despite his Greek name) shows definite talent; and a Concertino for piano and strings in classical style, composed by Dino Lipatti, the well-known pianist who died of leukemia, is the second work. The Concertino, Op. 3, was written when Lipatti was nineteen, and is an insignificant work which I feel that Janigro plays merely as a tribute to a close friend. After several appearances at Salzburg the Janigro group is going to Cuba and will appear later in the fall in the United States.

THIS year the Festival was not as well attended as last. The Yugoslavs blame themselves for it: last year thousands of tourists were attracted to Dubrovnik by the low cost of living. "There were so many tourists," they said, "that we could not accommodate all of them and some slept in the public gardens." They decided to raise the prices, thereby having fewer people but making about the same amount of money. But it did not work out that way. It is a pity, for I would do the Dubrovnik Festival an injustice if I fail to point out an extra charm of this place—world politics are not mentioned here. It is a relief for one who travels on "cultural missions" in this part of Europe not to hear a word about the Marx-Lenin line—one almost forgets that it is a Communist country.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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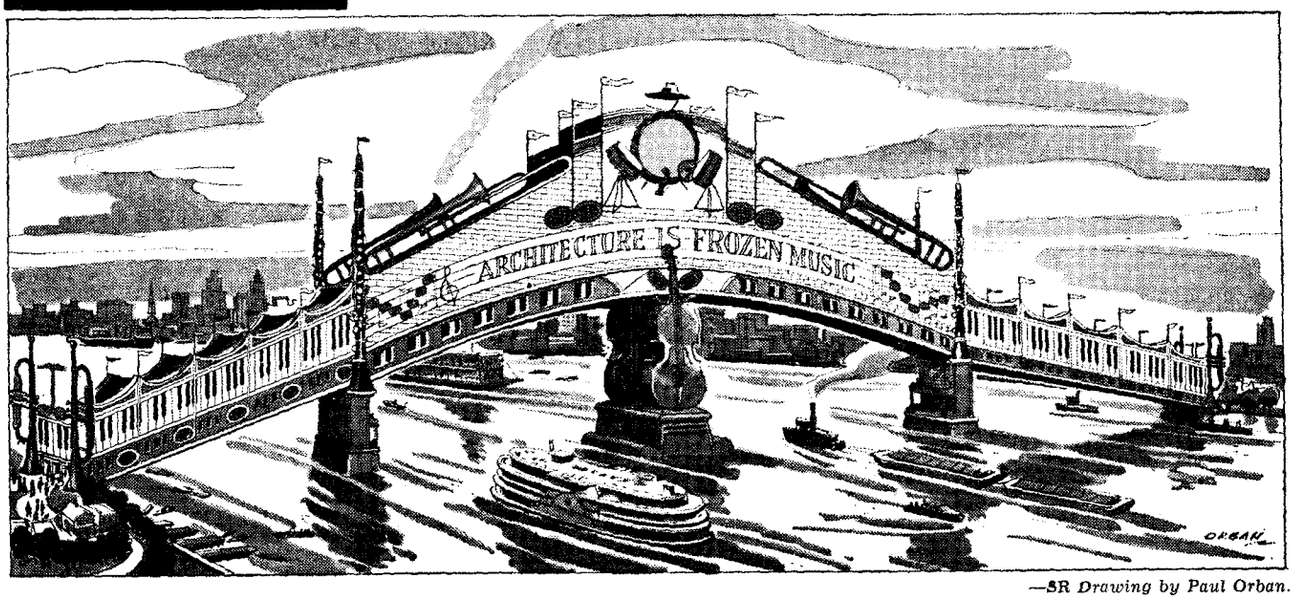

—SR *Drawing by Paul Orban.*

BY THE RIVERS OF NEW ORLEANS...

The Jazz Commemoration Works Project

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

A PROPER controversy got going not so long ago in New Orleans, and it had to do with a proposal to commemorate the birthplace of jazz. One group wanted to erect a monument on Basin Street, and another group opposed the idea of erecting *anything* to commemorate New Orleans music. To this writer the strangest aspect of the controversy was not that there was opposition, but that such unanimity existed amongst those who had selected the one site.

Somewhat belatedly, I should like to suggest to good citizens of the city that they are missing a trick. Those who would have settled for one monument and one commemoration deserve to have lost their case; what is wanting in New Orleans is an open-handed stake-out of the entire territory of jazz's origin. This would soon find the city embarked on a magnanimous public-works program to rival the splendor of ancient Rome.

Our Jazz Commemoration Works Project would be organized along departmental lines, with an over-all director appointed by the governor. I have no particular favorites for this appointee, but I do feel that some one like Louis Armstrong would know his way around town well enough not to confuse Basin Street, formerly Basin, then North Saratoga, then Basin, with Old Basin Street.

Four departments could probably take care of the whole job. Facsimile could expedite the restoration, reconstruction, and reclamation of dilapidated buildings associated with the birth of jazz; Monuments would place, commission, and see to the execution of statuary and special constructions; Museums and Parks would concern itself with park planning, landscaping, museum buildings, and ways of filling them; Plaques and Markers would requisition plaques and markers, and supervise their installation at suitable locations.

It would be impossible to enumerate the hundreds of rewarding projects which could be completed by this organization, so I shall have to content myself here with a few nominations concerning those points which, to any one who has ever thought he heard the sound of Buddy Bolden's horn while standing on the corner of Rampart and Perdido, must be accepted nowadays as *sine qua non*. And in order to bring them quickly to life I shall propose a little tour of the city which might be projected to include some of these more significant locales.

Our outing could very well begin at the corner of Rampart and Perdido streets. As every one knows who has committed to memory the personnel of Buddy Bolden's first band, this is the very spot at which a number of New Orleanians used to congregate at the turn of the century in order to listen to his horn—whether he played uptown, at Johnson Park, or whether he played at Gretna across the river, in the shade of the well-known and justly celebrated pecan grove. Travel in those old times was difficult, with only a few primitive electric cars to serve the entire city. Evidently those who listened to Bolden preferred to remain at one spot rather than undertake the arduous journey uptown, or across the river by steam ferry. This is often given as explanation for his blowing so loud.

Our plan for commemoration at this site is a little ambitious, but hardly out of keeping with its significance. Huey Long, for example, is remembered to thousands by a bridge in his name which crosses the Mississippi nine miles upriver; its cost was estimated at $13 million. That is appropriate for a politician, but certainly more could be done for an artist of Bolden's stature.

We propose a marble-faced, rounded arc spanning the Mississippi at this point, with one end of the arc anchored firmly at Rampart and Perdido, and the other extremity falling down gracefully amongst the pecan trees of Gretna. If these are not still standing—and very probably they are not—it should be a simple matter to remove the unsightly docks, rail yards, and manufactories that stand in the way. The restored grove could serve as an airy picnic ground.

Inscribed across the face of the arc, in letters no less than ten feet high, the legend, "Architecture Is Frozen Music" (Goethe), will be visible to all boats arriving at the port of New Orleans. In much the same manner

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as our Washington Monument and Statue of Liberty, the arc is to be hollow inside, with windows opening on the Mississippi, upriver and downriver. The view from the crest of the arc would be stunning. No public transportation in the arc, however; the silent, respectful tread of the thousands of feet of ensuing generations of tourists would impress on their less-sturdy characters the inspiring example of a man whose lungs could vault the Mississippi.

For the Perdido side of the arc's porphyry footing we have selected, after Wilder Hobson (who used them for his book, "American Jazz Music"), the lines of Walt Whitman:

I hear the key'd cornet, it glides
quickly in through my ears,
It shakes mad-sweet pangs
through my belly and breast.

For the Rampart side, we rather lean toward a one-line commemoration of those who congregated at Masonic Hall (hard by the corner), and the Eagle Saloon with no other thought but to pay homage to Bolden's distant horn. Perhaps Milton's "They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait" will do.

Three acanthus-patterned walks radiating from the base of the arc will serve as promenade to bring visitors to reconstructions of three of the original hang-outs once sacred to the neighborhood—The Red Onion, Funky Butt, and The Eagle. Whiskey is to be dispensed, barrelhouse fashion, from reproductions of I. W. Harper kegs. It is planned to retail "rough top" beer, once sold for five cents a half can in the "good-time" era, for slightly more than its former cost. Profits realized from this venture will eventually pay for the cost of erecting the arc, or Bolden's Bow, as it is to be known. Not Blow—that sounds a bit rough, while "Bow" suggests a rainbow, and is more alliterative.

A most attractive feature of the acanthus-cluster of saloons around the base of Bolden's Bow will be the old, gilded eagle that used to fly above the bar, and which blew down on one never-to-be-forgotten evening. Beneath the revivified eagle a small engraving in brass will preserve the defiant statement:

The Eagle boys fly high
And never miss a feather
If you miss this dance
You'll have the blues forever.

The reference, of course, is to members of the Eagle Band who succeeded Bolden, and who celebrated their musical prowess—perhaps with less restraint than deemed fitting nowadays—with this primitive, yet sincere quatrain. Some have suggested that a line from Tennyson would do better here, but we stand true to our design—accuracy is our inspiration, and history cannot be fudged.

Continuing our tour, and working our way respectfully up Perdido Street, keeping in mind the charming Creole proverb collected by Lafcadio Hearn, "*Marché narien lazambes qui besoin,*" which translated means "You need legs to walk," we finally arrive at the site of Basin Street.

Our plan is the complete restoration of every famed house of pleasure that used to grace this *allée*, from Tom Anderson's corner bagnio right on down the line, with every last piece of decorative brick replaced in its original position. Here visitors can roam at will through the fabulous pleasure-domes of Storyville, evoking through contact with each treasured item of this incredible settlement, all that transpired within its walls. Visitors meandering through air-conditioned rooms will be able to marvel at fur-coated pianos, gold and silver service, and collections of brilliants amassed by the proprietors of these lavish establishments. A slight charge will be made for admission, with a reduced family rate.

Going uptown and crosstown from Basin Street we should eventually arrive, guidebook in hand, at the former site of a picturesque passage once known as Murderers' Alley. It extended, roughly, from a corner bar at Jackson Street (now Jackson Avenue), down and across Jackson in a zigzag that debouched into Philip Street. This district is pregnant with haunting mementos of the happy childhoods of Louis Armstrong, Buddy Bolden, and King Oliver.

Recently the city fathers saw fit to clear out some of the softly weathered cabins that used to lend such a nostalgic flavor to this region, and to substitute for the once delightfully cluttered backyards of the residences a modern, two-lane throughway, named after Simon Bolivar. However, it would take only a second thought on the part of the town council to restore old Franklin Street to its pristine status.

In the waxworks museum such delightful personalities as Gyp the Blood, Cocaine Buddy, Dirty Dog, and Buck Tooth Rena could be seen once more in faithful recreations based on cherished gold-bromide likenesses of them once taken at Tintype Hall, which used to stand hard by on South Liberty between First and Philip Streets.

Proceeding due northwest from this corner (or, if "*lazambes*" are weary, take No. 33 trolley coach at Freret and First, transfer at Washington to No. 18 motor bus uptown, transfer at Carrollton to No. 6 motor bus or trolley coaches 37, 39, southbound, get off at Olive), we come at last to the renowned site of Johnson and Lincoln Parks which, by a strange quirk of history, no one has ever been able to locate with any certainty.

Once there were two parks, Lincoln and Johnson; it was here, beneath the

—Ewing Galloway.

Street in New Orleans—"a program to rival the splendors of ancient Rome."

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spreading live oak trees, that gallant duels of music were executed between members of the Buddy Bolden and Robichaux Orchestras. Most old-timers when interviewed concur that the two parks were somewhere in this neighborhood.

A further complication is that if we take these informants literally, remembering that just at the turn of the century Carrollton had only recently been incorporated into the larger city of New Orleans, then "Carrollton by the tracks" might place both Lincoln and Johnson Parks alongside the old lines of the historic Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Docks and Grain Elevators, or in other words, in the area marked on present-day maps as Jefferson Parish.

This is just a mite confusing, and in order to simplify matters I would suggest that a panel of jazz authorities be appointed by the Director of the Project, and entrusted with authority to decide upon an actual former site for the two parks. This would furnish a splendid opportunity for an outdoor festival, picnic, and panel discussion, at a date to be set some future time.

This gets us to our next project of commemoration. From Olive and Carrollton get back on trolley coaches No. 39, southbound. Change to No. 31 trolley coach at Broadway and St. Charles, get off at Audubon Park carousel. Walk southwest to Seal Pool.

Rare trees, flowers, and grass held over from the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition of 1885, enhance this environment. In this fragrant tropical setting, an outdoor bandstand, jazz shrine, and arboretum will commemorate with quiet dignity all that is sacred to the spirit of jazz.

Founders Day ceremonies will take place each year on a date to be chosen by the panel of authorities. The date to be selected will probably correspond as closely as possible to that awesome moment when Ferdinand Morton first invaded the tenderloin, perhaps late in February, 1902—it will have to coincide with Mardi Gras.

The ceremonies, traditional from the start, will always open with the setting out of slips from the original chinaberry tree which grew back of James Alley on the site of Louis Armstrong's birth, and from which his grandmother used to cut switches intended for the young genius of jazz. A symbolic flagellation dance will be performed by a barefoot chorus of modern interpreters.

Perhaps you have been wondering what memorable event connected with the birth of jazz could have occurred at Seal Pool. To be quite honest, the pool has nothing at all to do with jazz, but it is a lovely spot.

Now jump in.

New Audiences and Old Jazzmen

By NAT HENTOFF

THERE has been an increasing amount of campaign literature by jazz proselytizers to the end that jazz be recognized as an "art form" with the accompanying panoply of respect that is accorded classical music.

Many of these jazz lobbyists, however, in their zeal to "legitimatize" their love, have ignored or, worse yet, have shared a serious failure in perspective on the part of a large percentage of their own constituents—jazz musicians as well as listeners. If jazz is indeed an "art form," a fair majority of its practitioners and supporters ought by now to be expected to possess—and listen according to—an informed sense of the history of this young musical language.

The dedicated initiates of an "art form" ought surely to have the kind of feeling for tradition and the individual talent that was indicated, let's say, by experimentalist James Joyce's far from slight acquaintance with the evolution of English literature; that enabled Schoenberg to work with profit and apparent pleasure in basing his Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra on Handel's Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 7; and that enables a collector of paintings to own and enjoy equally a Cranach and a Jack Levine.

But the melancholy fact concerning jazz adherents is that only a relatively small segment of the jazz audience and of the younger musicians does have enough feeling for jazz roots to be aware of the continuing richness and resourcefulness of the *whole* of the language's tradition. A grim corollary of this drought of understanding as it operates within the jazz *audience* is that as many jazz musicians grow older and stylistically out of favor they are reduced to spare weekend appearances, infrequent club dates or, finally, a job in the post office or its frustrating (for a musician) equivalent.

Coleman Hawkins, the procreator of the jazz tenor saxophone and a musician who retains often overpowering inventiveness, has not been invited to appear in a major New York, Chicago, or West Coast jazz club in a very long time. And although a new recording by Hawkins is sporadically released, Hawkins is not signed to and consistently publicized by any one label,

—*Carole Gallettby.*
John Lewis—"historically well grounded."

although almost any young modern jazz sideman with the beginnings of a name is wooed and won to a recording contract.

Were it not for Norman Granz's determination to continue to utilize older jazzmen of continuing creativity on his Jazz at the Philharmonic tours and on his recordings, it is doubtful whether even so maturely masterful a jazz improviser as Roy Eldridge would still be playing to large audiences in large halls at least part of each year.

Other musicians of Roy's generation have not been so fortunate. Dicky Wells, a trombonist whom several European jazz aestheticians regard with consummate admiration (cf. André Hodeir's "Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence") has at last report been forced into a rhythm and blues caravan to sustain himself. Rex Stewart, a uniquely expressive hornman, has a radio disc jockey show in upstate New York and plays some weekend engagements. Vic Dickenson, a James Thurber-like trombonist, manages to keep working by juggling one-nighters and occasional week-length stands in pickup bands, but he is almost unknown to the younger (and much larger) section of the contemporary jazz audience.

SIMILARLY dispossessed, to a large extent, of a continuing audience are older musicians like trumpeters Cootie Williams, Taft Jordan, Emmett Berry, Joe Thomas, Shad Collins, Harold Baker, Doc Cheatham; reedmen Ben Webster (whose recordings for Norman Granz have kept for him

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at least a nucleus of a record audience), Bud Freeman, Hilton Jefferson, Ike Quebec, Pete Brown, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala; trombonists Dickenson, Lawrence Brown, Benny Morton, even Jack Teagarden; pianists Ken Kersey and, of all people, the strongly influential Earl Hines. Had not tenor Don Byas and trumpeter Bill Coleman become expatriates, it's unlikely they would have escaped domestic oblivion anyway.

THE list is much longer and when it reaches less well known sidemen in their thirties and forties, who then as now possess an unself-conscious devotion to and need for being inside jazz, the situation becomes more pathetic. For most of this latter group there are not even the infrequent record dates or calls to play in the weekend anthologies at Childs Paramount or the Central Plaza in New York. These forgotten jazzmen exist, if they stay in music at all, on the outmost edges of jazz.

Although there are significant exceptions, it is becoming truer, then, that there is little place in the nightlight for many jazzmen once they reach forty or forty-five. The fault is with the jazz audience, or rather audiences.

The jazz audience up to now has been created largely anew each generation as jazz idioms have changed with seeming (though not actual) suddenness. With each change, clouds of older aficianados depart in a rain of jeremiads. Left behind at one early point, for example, were many Louis Armstrong Hot Five partisans who became baffled and mistrustful of the changes that followed the jazz of the 1920s. They in turn were joined later by clusters of early vintage Ellingtonians, some followers of the swing era Benny Goodman, and other once comfortable vanguardists who felt at each stage of its evolution that jazz had left them behind to pursue an inexplicably impure path to what they were sure was to be its ultimate characterless dilution. And most recently, there have been believers in the gospel according to Charlie Parker who feel that too much of "modern" jazz since Parker has become overintellectualized.

Few, very few listeners have remained expansive enough of spirit to embrace the best of all the jazz eras from New Orleans to the Modern Jazz Quartet and beyond.

Thus far, then, jazz has obviously lacked the continuity of audience that has long sustained at least the staples of classical music. Although there are some signs of jazz listeners in the generations at hand who may achieve a longer chronological interest in jazz

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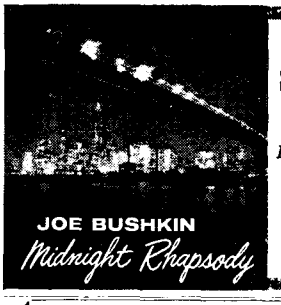

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than their predecessors, it is still mainly true that few remain intensely interested in jazz after reaching forty.

The reasons for this diminution of enthusiasm as one's future shortens are several. A primary cause—the polychanging growth of jazz—has been sketched above. Another reason is the lack up to now of a sufficiently strong intellectual tradition of serious criticism and analysis of jazz to anchor the man who would like to stay and learn more about the changes in the vocabulary but who needs at the least a dependable dictionary. A third reason may have to do with the fact that most jazz is still played in nightclubs although there is a significant increase of jazz programs in colleges and on the other concert circuits. But for the present, while jazz is still primarily to be found in long, loud, thirsty rooms with hefty minimums, it takes a rare devotion to propel a man past forty to abandon a book and his own bourbon for a swirling night at Birdland.

Whatever the reasons, the majority of nightclub supporters of present-day jazz are in their early and mid-twenties, and the age of the record buyers begins considerably younger. As of now, therefore, many among the contemporary jazz audience are not too certain that Stan Kenton was not the inventor of jazz. If many youngsters were asked to discuss the history of jazz piano, they would be likely to start, so far as their emotions are concerned, at Bud Powell, perhaps go back as far as Art Tatum, but rarely, I expect, would have a listening knowledge and appreciation of Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, or Earl Hines. And Stan Getz is the tenor they will go to see. Coleman Hawkins, so far as they can remember, is a vague patriarch who once had something to do with "Body and Soul." By contrast and because of an audience whose members attain greater individual longevity of interest, the classical music world does not allow its Giesekings, Szigetis, Stravinskys, and Blochs to atrophy of neglect as they grow older just because they do grow older.

A COROLLARY of the sidetrack of aging talents in jazz is its effect on the future of the "art" itself. There is a depressing partial parallel between many younger musicians and members of their audience with regard to the sometimes gaping ignorance of jazz tradition on the part of both.

Although there is no rigid equation that would prove those modernists with the deepest feelings for tradition have most enriched that tradition, it can be said that nearly all the younger men who do appear to be moving most vitally into the future are those who particularly cherish the virtues of their antecedents. John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is unusually well grounded in jazz history (as well as in the history of Western classical music). Gerry Mulligan has written warmly of his indebtedness to Duke Ellington, Ben Webster, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Tricky Sam Nanton, Dave Tough, and Pete Brown (and who under twenty-five knows Pete's name today?) In fact, it was Mulligan (realizing the unnecessary infertility of the no-man's-land between many of the modernists and their no less contemporary predecessors) who once expressed a desire "to organize a unit composed of some of the older jazzmen and those of the younger musicians who can do it. It would be a fine opportunity to play and create together." It would indeed, but is unlikely to ever happen.

Among other particularly creative modernists with strong roots in jazz history are: Miles Davis ("I think all musicians should get together one certain day and get down on their knees and thank Duke Ellington"); Tony Scott, the most inventive of the modern clarinetists, who dedicated a recent Victor album to Ben Webster; the unusually flexible Urbie Green ("I like to play with broadminded musicians who play as if they have a knowledge of jazz from the beginning to the end, musicians who aren't overly stylized and who haven't compressed themselves into a small category"); Art Farmer, who remembers, though few others do, the trumpet excellence of Harold Baker (Baker has yet to have an LP under his own name); trumpeter Thad Jones, who respects Dizzy Gillespie enormously but whose tastes also encompass Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Mel Powell, and the almost forgotten Don Byas; pianist Horace Silver, who is serious about getting "that old-time, gut-bucket barroom feeling with just a taste of the backbeat" in some of his influential, modern interpretations like "Doodlin'" and "The Preacher." Jimmy Giuffre, Paul Desmond, Dave Brubeck, and Charlie Mingus are other modernists who know where they're from.

But there are far too many modernists who listen only to those who play in their own style and who find it impossible to regard seriously even the best of the New Orleans and Dixieland styles and little of the swing era masters. One of them one night was mocking Coleman Hawkins and was quickly rebuked by Miles Davis, who pointed out: "If it weren't for Hawkins, you wouldn't be likely to be playing today."

The number of young jazz modern-

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ists who have never heard a Bessie Smith, Jimmy Harrison, Joe Smith, Eddie Lang, or even a Bunny Berigan record might be quite depressing. And not many are apt to have listened recently—or regularly—to basic recordings by Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Fats Waller, or Tricky Sam Nanton.

There are, as has been noted, enough modernists with a searching sense of history to continue firmly the variegated development of jazz. But had there been more modernists fully aware of whence they swung, it's possible that the quality of some present-day experimental jazz might have been higher with longer likelihood of fruitful durability. And, had there been more modernist musicians with an ear to the present-in-the-past, it's likely that the older musicians would have felt themselves more a part of the present growth of jazz, and as such would also have felt the incentive—being needed—to continue their own already major musical development.

All young jazzmen, for instance, recognize the pervading influence of Lester "Pres" Young. "Have any of the younger tenors," Lester repeated a question recently, "come up to me and said anything about my having influenced them? No, none have." So far as the activities of the modernists are concerned—their record dates, the avant-garde concerts they run, their on and after hours sessions—Lester is on the outside. So is Coleman Hawkins these days and Earl Hines and scores more.

"There are no places for people who play like we do to jam any more," Roy Eldridge told a *Down Beat* interviewer this summer. "We used to go out to play and we'd have a ball. And we went out every night." Roy continued in a mixture of regret and continuing wounded surprise: "These days, if you want to go out and jam, if you don't play a certain way, the cats don't like you, and there are no kicks. Guys that feel jazz like I feel it don't have any steady gigs where you can come and jam. The other guys have the gigs and they don't want you to play with them if you don't play their things. Oh, they'll 'let' me play, but they don't mean it, and I can feel the draft right away."

To all those jazz followers, critics, and musicians, then, who call either publicly or among themselves for the greater recognition of jazz as "art," I would suggest first a degree of self-proselytizing according to this slightly paraphrased theme by T. S. Eliot:

"Someone said: 'The dead musicians are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did.' Precisely, and they are that which we know."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Jazz Workshop: Billy Byers. Victor LMP 1269, $3.98.	A spotty exhibition of the arranging-composing talents of trombonist Billy Byers. Included are three different groups—one with strings, one with four trombones, trumpet and saxophone, and one with trumpet, saxophone and trombone. The materials range from innocuous small band work to somewhat coy and facetious mood pieces, embroidered, here and there, with marimba, vibraphone, flute, or celesta. The musicians, among others, are: N. Travis, U. Green, O. Johnson, A. Cohn, P. Woods, and M. Hinton.
Byrd's Eye View. Transition TRLP 4. $3.98.	This was made last December in Cambridge, Mass., with the then Jazz Messengers (Byrd, Mobeley, Silver, Watkins, Blakey), plus trumpeter Joe Gordon, and it is, on the whole, a rewarding session. Byrd's reflective, glacéed style and Gordon's explosive fortissimos provide an often stunning contrast. Mobley and Silver are more than adequate, and Blakey, particularly on the long "Doug's Blues," is too dictatorial. Two originals and three standards. Recommended.
The Eddie Costa-Vinnie Burke Trio. Jubilee 1025, $3.98.	Eddie Costa, a fiery, uncompromising new pianist, Vinnie Burke, a good bassist, and drummer Nick Stabulas (who gets a kind of flat, whacking sound on his instrument) in continually challenging performances of seven standards and two originals. Costa has a heavy but exact touch, favors the lower registers, and uses his left hand unceasingly, often for driving, offbeat chords that give the beat a violent and exciting see-saw motion. Listen, for example, to "Get Happy," where he stays almost exclusively in the two lowest registers with a cumulative thundering effect that is, after a time, all but unbearable.
Erroll Garner. EmArcy MG-36069, $3.98.	A somewhat disturbing exhibition by Garner of how to play romantic concert-jazz piano. On almost all of the six standards and one original here, he uses huge chords, a lot of pedal, and a lot of lacework, all of which create an overbearing myriad of sounds. Rhythm accompaniment on some sides.
The Lionel Hampton-Art Tatum-Buddy Rich Trio. Clef MG C-709, $3.98.	A surprisingly cohesive, inventive session, in which Hampton (the least imaginative), Tatum (in very clean, controlled form), and Rich (tasteful and integrated) roll their way through seven standards as if their breakfasts had set just right.
The Magic Horn: George Wein's Dixie-Victors, featuring Ruby Braff. Victor LPM 1332, $3.98.	Jimmy McPartland or Ruby Braff, Vic Dickenson, Bill Stegmeyer or Peanuts Hucko, Ernie Caceres, George Wein, Danny Barker, Milt Hinton, and Buzzy Drootin in a neat, festive neo-dixieland date that is notable for Dickenson's *on* trombone, Braff, and the ebullient exchanges the two trumpeters have on "Dippermouth Blues." Eight standards and one original.
The Unique Thelonius Monk. Riverside RLP 12-209, $5.95.	As subtle, beautiful and curiously satisfying a record as Monk has ever made. Now thirty-five, Monk has had his imitators, and yet, as one of the musicians who upheaved jazz in the early Forties, he is still held to one side, as it were, as a kind of special pickle with a taste that must be acquired. This is, of course, nonsense, for Monk's style—loose, almost diffident dissonances, wry single-note lines, a laggard-like beat—is easily plumbed. Here he winds his way through and around seven well-known standards, keeping the melody always just below the surface and embellishing it more than reworking its chords, with a wide variety of results. On the solo "Memories of You" (the only side on which Oscar Pettiford and Art Blakey do not appear), he is raggedy and wistful; "Tea for Two" gets a kind of Restoration-wit treatment; and "Just You, Just Me," the longest side, is buried within an ambling, idea-upon-idea escarpment that is fascinating. Blakey and Pettiford are impeccable. An essential record.
The Brew Moore Quartet and Quintet. Fantasy 3-222, $3.98.	A relaxed, if not particularly noteworthy, showcase for the tenor saxophone of Brew Moore, who grew up in the lee of Lester Young in the last decade with Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and Herbie Steward. Moore leans closest, perhaps, to Getz and Sims, but has less of the sinuousness of the former and fewer ideas than the latter. There are piano, bass, and drums, and, on four sides, the Davis-like trumpet of Dick Mills. Five standards and four originals.
Here is Phineas: The Piano Artistry of Phineas Newborn, Jr. Atlantic 1235, $3.85	Newborn, who is twenty-three, is from Memphis, and he has caused a good deal of startled, silvery talk recently. The principal reason, apparently, is his technique, which is brilliant. He has a light, crackling touch, command of arpeggio that equals Tatum's, and a strong, steady beat. All this, plus his youthfulness, however, tend to drive him toward pianistic tricks (octave runs) and quite a bit of extraneous melodic needlepoint. Once he takes his abilities for granted, a very worthwhile jazz pianist may emerge. The accompaniment, on most numbers, is by O. Pettiford, K. Clarke, and Calvin Newborn, on guitar. Eight standards.
Red Norvo with Strings. Fantasy 3-218, $3.98.	Another pleasant volume of thoughtful, intricate trio work from Norvo. Made last fall, this features Tal Farlow and Red Mitchell in nine standards and one original. There is less plushiness throughout than in some of Norvo's recent trio releases, and Red Mitchell is astonishing: he is a bassist who has so much power, definition, tone and creativeness that his instrument hardly seems adequate to convey it.
Martians Come Back! Shorty Rogers and his Giants. Atlantic 1232, $3.85.	The Giants here are composed of four different groups, mostly small, that include J. Giuffre, Shelly Manne (all the way through), L. Levy, H. Edison, D. Fagerquist, the Condolis, B. Shank, and L. Vinnegar. The predominant attitude is light and Basiesh and there are a lot of creative solos, especially by Giuffre (clarinet), Rogers himself, and Harry Edison. As delightful—and perhaps more so, because of its greater variety—as Roger's first Atlantic album. Seven originals and one standard. Highly recommended.
A New Star, A New Sound: Jimmy Smith at the Organ. Blue Note 1514, $4.98.	Jazz organ, accompanied by guitar (Thornel Schwartz) and drums (Donald Bailey) that is, by turn, intensely staccato, chabbering, Radio City, and chugging.
North, East, South and Wess. Savoy MG 12072, $4.98.	For some reason, this record didn't quite jell. Wess, the tenor saxophonist-flutist, is joined by F. Foster, H. Coker, B. Powell, Kenny Burrell, E. Jones, and K. Clarke. There is a lot of fire on hand, but the materials are ordinary, the solos fail to rise, and the dead, tarpaper sound of two tenors and two trombones in unison through most of the tunes is wearing. Four originals and two standards.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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A JAZZ-PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Confessions of "The Man Who Used To Be"

Thelonious Monk.
—*Bill Gottlieb.*

By ORRIN KEEPNEWS

WAY back in the fall of 1945, when I had very recently returned from the Pacific and was only vaguely aware that all sorts of new currents were supposed to be swirling about in jazz, a very bright-eyed young man whom I had just met insisted upon playing some new records for me. He gave the impression of being about to produce the Holy Grail, or at the very least a live rabbit out of an old top hat. But all I could hear was a screeching, exhibitionistic trumpet, a whining alto saxophone, very little discernible melody, and no sort of reliable beat. I hated it, and informed the young man, in a patiently paternal way (I was at least three years older than he), that this noisy fad could never take the place of The Real Thing.

For I was, by exposure and inclination, strictly a Louis Armstrong-Jelly Roll Morton man, and what I had heard was something called "be-bop"—early-1945 recordings by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker.

Such an experience was actually not too uncommon then. I may have had the new music thrust at me more abruptly than most, but quite a few traditional-jazz fans were, at about that time, more or less forced to listen to a couple of "far out" selections. Almost invariably, they recoiled several feet and then spent the next few years either trying to ignore or loudly preaching against all forms of modernism. There has been much written and spoken argument in the past decade about this antipathy, but I don't recall any notice having been taken of what I now consider to have been the core of the problem for myself and for a number of other defenders of early jazz. It was, simply, that we were not ready, were not at all prepared to listen to modern jazz.

Since only the really one-dimensional myths have any staying power, a great many people accept that fantastic oversimplification about jazz having been rather suddenly "born" in New Orleans. Quite similarly, it is almost as customary to accept bop as an instant revolution that was hatched overnight at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem. But of course, just as a good many years and a wide variety of pre-jazz influences preceded New Orleans, the modern-jazz revolution has been gestating for a long time. You can go back and hear its first stirrings in, for example, some of Duke Ellington's records of the period when Jimmy Blanton was on hand, in Lester Young's work with Basie, in other big Negro bands, and in some of the small, nominally "Swing" groups of the late 1930s.

But the very important fact is that the typical traditionalist jazz fan was not listening to such music. I undoubtedly can no longer qualify as "typical," having sacrificed any such claims when I turned a hobby into a livelihood and turned myself into jazz writer and magazine editor, record producer, etc. But I was once, I suspect, a very typical sort of specimen: my interest began in the late 1930s, when I heard some records from the '20s; it was fanned by hearing live jazz at New York clubs like Nick's and the Hickory House (recommended by friends primarily as notably inexpensive places to take a date, and secondarily as places to hear good Dixieland). Thus the music that I absorbed was, roughly speaking, homogeneous. Armstrong, Jelly Roll, King Oliver, Bessie Smith, Bix—these were the records; in person, at the Greenwich Village and 52nd Street clubs, there were such as Wingy Manone, Jack Teagarden, Red Allen, Joe Marsala, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, and the rest of the Eddie Condon mob. While all this certainly can't be called the *same* music, both the recordings and the live performances were specifically either in or closely derived from the original New Orleans tradition. Furthermore, although I wasn't particularly aware of it at the time, that live jazz had something else in common with those records: the musicians themselves, both in their way of life and in their music, were firmly rooted in the late 1920s, which was "their" time.

There was probably also a degree of snobbishness mixed in with such jazz tastes: not everyone knew about such things as recordings of the "pure" early jazz, or those small jazz groups playing in rather out-of-the-way places. Big bands and Swing meant "commercial" music, readily available to just anyone. Thus insulated, people like me had no need for the new snobbishness of the insiders who first adopted modern jazz. All in all, with my listening background, it would have been incredible if, at first hearing, I had (as the saying goes) flipped for Diz.

My personal alteration began with some rather accidental touches. In 1948, because I was newly involved in editing a jazz magazine and was potentially malleable, the head of a small jazz label spent an evening playing and explaining a stream of new Thelonious Monk records. Finally (possibly in self-defense), I found that I could at least feel and enjoy the beat. A year later, on a night when I had specifically gone to hear Armstrong and had been disappointed by a routine act, I reacted extremely hard to the other group in the place, which was the first George Shearing Quintet. (I remember being most impressed by his girl vibraphonist, Margie Hyams. Perhaps it was her effective use of an instrument that doesn't exist in traditional jazz—thus making comparison impossible—and that I had previously disliked—I've always considered Lionel Hampton a drummer gone wrong—that really began to turn the tide for me.)

In the next few years, I listened

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—Circle Sound.

Jelly Roll Morton—"wonderful, exciting."

with increasing frequency to the newer jazz forms, began to feel able to have my own pro-and-con opinions, began (I believe) to have greater understanding. At first it was frankly a matter of professional necessity for the most part, but eventually I began to realize that I had unknowingly passed some point of no return and was enjoying the music for its own sake. This sort of thing is impossible to pinpoint, I'm afraid: you can never really re-understand the tastes of the "man you used to be," or retrace the gradual transitional steps. I have listened again to those 1945 Gillespie-Parker numbers and have been doubly amazed; both by how melodic and warm this music can be, and by how narrow and musically immature was that other me (the one who was so totally deaf to its considerable merits).

This may seem a contradiction of the points I've barely finished making in explanation of my original 1945 attitudes, but I don't think it really is. It is, simply, that being "unprepared" in 1945 is no excuse for remaining that way forever. I am quite glad that I was first a "moldy fig," for I am very dubious about the likelihood of anyone's reversing the process and, after entering jazz by way of the music of the 1940s and '50s, being able to progress back to King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton (see Nat Hentoff's article on page 30). And I would hate to have missed out on hearing the wonderful and exciting music of such men. I certainly propose to keep on listening to my Creole Jazz Band and Red Hot Peppers records, among others, and to continue to find them meaningful. But, on the other hand, I can hear no voices in them that tell me to stay away from the Modern Jazz Quartet.

As I am far from unique in this matter of broadening one's jazz tastes, I imagine that all I gained from virtually forcing myself to listen to modern jazz was to achieve a device for overcoming ingrained projudices. Others less stubborn-minded than I, or with more will power, ought to find it even easier. I can also recommend the use of a simple paradox: concentrate on both the differences and the sameness. By the former, I mean that there's no use looking for absolute parallels: New Orleans jazz sprang from a particular time and place (that it can be enjoyed outside that context is quite true, but irrelevant to my present point); current jazz expression belongs to here and now. This is *not* a value judgment: there is some inferior modern jazz, of course, but there was also some pretty bad music played in Chicago in the 1920s, too (you just don't bother to listen to *those* records any more, and let it go at that). There is also a lot that is wrong with the world of here and now, and a lot of that is in the music, too. But it is *our* time, so that at the very least it has immediacy on its side. I'll go so far as to say that I can't understand any serious listener, unless he is in love with archaism for its own sake, not finding something of value for him in some aspect of modern jazz.

As for the sameness, the major link lies in the aims of jazz musicians: roughly, in working from "popular" musical frameworks to create valid individual and group expression. There are some modernists, like Gerry Mulligan, whose innovations have fairly readily discernible traditional roots. There is the continuing important use of instrumental blues. Finally, there's even occasionally a tendency to think in the same way. I've recently been listening to the work of an extremely far-out musician whose trio is experimenting with something completely novel. He described it to me as "collective improvisation." The term had a strangely familiar ring that had me puzzled for a minute. Then I remembered. The first time I had heard it used, quite a few years ago, was to describe the music of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band!

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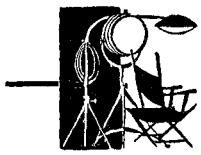

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Speaking of Artists

IT IS significant that over twenty years have passed between the publication of Irving Stone's fictional version of the life of Vincent Van Gogh and M-G-M's new screen adaptation of **"Lust for Life."** While Stone's somewhat lurid account produced a best-seller and an unprecedented interest in the artist's work, a line out in front of the Museum of Modern Art and one at the Music Hall are two different things. Despite the success of the book and the enthusiasm for Van Gogh's work generated by a nationwide series of exhibitions at that time, the subject was not "popular" in the special sense that a film must be popular—familiar, intriguing to vast millions of people all over the world. The past two decades have changed all that. A new generation has encountered Van Gogh in its schools, read about him in its magazines, seen reproductions of his works in books, living rooms, classrooms, store windows, until both his style and his story have become more familiar than Rembrandt's or Grandma Moses's. Perhaps it was just as well that the film companies waited. With a wide interest in the artist, producer John Houseman could afford to stick closer to the facts than novelist Stone.

"Lust for Life," in short, is a fitting film tribute to a great artist. It has been carefully researched, painstakingly planned, and beautifully photographed against the very scenes where Van Gogh lived and painted. It has avoided sensationalism, even when treating the details of a life that had more than its share of sensational incident. Norman Corwin's eloquent script is based, it would seem, more closely on Van Gogh's letters to his brother Theo than on the Stone novel. The result is a curious, exciting sense of self-revelation as the artist probes the depths of his soul with an ever greater frenzy to understand the forces that drive him first to a form of Christian Communism, then to art, and finally to madness and suicide.

The film opens on the eve of his departure for the Borinage, that bleak, impoverished mining district of Belgium. Here, amidst squalor and ignorance, he attempts to express his deep feeling for the people in angular, slate-gray portraits of their daily life —and, more practically, by sharing with them his own pittance from the Church. When his conduct scandalizes visiting dignitaries he returns to his native Holland for a brief, unhappy interlude with his family, then proceeds to Paris and the sympathetic patronage of his brother. There, among the Impressionists—Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, and Gauguin—he finds the first understanding and approval of his intensely personal expression in art, his slowly forming theories of color. Gauguin urges him on to the south of France, to Arles where the hot sun and vivid hues were to provide the artist with ceaseless inspiration for three happy, work-crowded years—until madness brought his brief career to a close.

All of this has been told with a sure instinct for drama and an even stronger feeling for the people themselves. Kirk Douglas's physical resemblance to Van Gogh is extraordinary; but more extraordinary still is his projection of the inner turmoil of the artist, his restless search for a purpose in life, his rapt absorption in his work. Equally impressive is Anthony Quinn's performance as Gauguin. Not only is there again a strong physical likeness, but also a penetrating study of this complex, self-centered, sensual artist who was one of Van Gogh's few friends.

Special mention must be made of the sensitive use of color throughout the film, a photography that subtly matches the dominant shades of Van Gogh's own brightening palette as he moves from the muddy blues and browns of the Borinage to the final bursts of vibrant yellow at Arles and Auvers-sur-l'Oise. An effort to include a number of Van Gogh's greatest canvasses, photographed from the originals, is perhaps commendable but less successful. The shape of the CinemaScope screens destroys many of the compositions, while the cameras smooth away the great swirls of thick-textured paint that give Van Gogh's pictures their special excitement. This is, however, a minor flaw in a film that set its sights high in bringing to the screen a rare, affecting portrait of the mind and character of an artist.

* * *

And speaking of artists, it is beginning to appear that we have a very real one right in our midst. Not an artist as neglected and unnoticed as Van Gogh was in his day, to be sure, but certainly as scorned and unappreciated—at least, as an artist. In **"Bus Stop"** (Twentieth Cent.-Fox), Marilyn Monroe effectively dispels once and for all the notion that she is merely a glamour personality, a shapely body with tremulous lips and come-hither blue eyes. Certainly that is the way she had been cast and exploited up to this time. And when, something over a year ago, she quit the screen in protest over her roles, the cynics declared that all she really wanted was more money. They hooted at her announced ambition to study acting and play in "Brothers Karamazov." Personally, having now seen her as William Inge's tragi-comic Cherie, I can't wait for her Grushenka.

For Miss Monroe has accomplished what is unquestionably the most difficult feat for any film personality. She has submerged herself so completely in the role of Inge's Hollywood-happy "chantoosie" from the Ozarks that one searches in vain for glimpses of the former calendar girl. It is far more than simply mastering and maintaining a ludicrous accent and intonation throughout the picture; the character itself is rich and complex. Cherie is "easy" but no idiot. She knows what she wants out of life too well to be pushed around by the brash young rodeo champ who has impetuously decided to marry her and haul her off to Timber Hill, Montana. But she is also just dim-witted enough to believe that once she gets out to Hollywood and Vine all her dreams will come true. Meanwhile she gives a pathetic imitation of Hildegarde—kerchief and all—singing "That Old Black Magic," and hustles drinks at a tawdry Phoenix bistro. There is pathos, humor, and a desperate pride about the girl, and Miss Monroe brings all of this to life.

Just how much of it is her own doing can be surmised from the work of the rest of the cast. Director Joshua Logan has surrounded her with formidable actors—Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, Eileen Heckart—and placed opposite her as the raucous cowhand a personable sample of the genuine article, Don Murray. And yet none of these quite manage to conceal the fact that they are very competently acting out their roles; while Miss Monroe constantly seems to be living hers with an emotional range and intensity that few actresses could duplicate. To Logan's credit is a wonderful rodeo sequence and the adroitly managed atmosphere of a cheap bar and a roadside restaurant. George Axelrod has contributed a script that is fast and funny, and manages to tone down Inge's original without the sense of emasculation. But the real revelation in "Bus Stop" is Marilyn Monroe, and the incandescence that glows from the screen the moment she enters the story.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Ford in Your Past

Way down upon the Suwanee in Dearborn, Michigan, this sternwheeler floats the quiet waters of Greenfield Village, Henry Ford's gift to American heritage.

GREENFIELD VILLAGE, a sort of Williamsburg of the Midwest which covers 200 acres of suburban Detroit real estate and is visited by 850,000 people yearly, or twice the number of Americans who journey to Europe, was started by Henry Ford, an ex-steam engineer at the Edison Illuminating Company works. What Ford had in mind when he got the place going in 1929 was a restoration of his own home which, the Ford people say, was done out of respect for his mother.

His birthplace was moved a matter of four miles which, in the light of Mr. Ford's future transplantings, proved to be a minor project. It is a small white building with two chimneys and a white picket fence, and Ford was born in the first room to the left as you enter, on the 30th of July 1863. The place is full of old dust collectors like fluting irons, with which ladies of that day could press their pleated dresses, and spinning wheels, which Henry as a toddler used as a toy. The Sunday parlor, which was used mainly for weddings, funerals, and other affairs of family state, had a flower-patterned carpet on which Henry used to sit, and in 1944, so it is said, he could still recall the details about the flowers. Father William was Grand Master of the Dearborn lodge of the Masons, and the Masonic emblem sits over William's desk.

Just across the yard is the birthplace of Ford's first car. It is a red brick shed which stood behind the family residence when the Fords lived in downtown Detroit and Henry labored at the light works. When he finally got that first car built—it was 1896—the thing was so big he couldn't get it out of the door. So—and it makes a great scene whether it happened or not—he is reputed to have seized an axe and chopped away the bricks. A replica of the cobblestone road over which Henry ran his first horseless carriage has been laid outside the shed. These days the car which Ford completed that momentous night in May reposes in the Ford Museum nearby. Inside the workshop is the second Ford, which was powered with a two-cylinder opposed motor. You can hear the whole story from an "automatic guide" by pressing a button. It is one of the thirty automatic guides at Greenfield Village.

I don't know which other historic buildings were brought next to Greenfield Village, which is named after the township ten miles distant where Mrs. Henry Ford was born. One of the most interesting, though, is the Wright Cycle Shop which once reposed in Dayton, Ohio. Half the building was occupied by Wilbur and Orville Wright, who fixed bikes in the front room and in the back made parts for what they hoped would be a flying machine. To keep their spirits up there was an early pin-up girl on the wall, shedding beauty and also light on behalf of the B. F. Goodrich Company, who framed her charms in a bicycle tire.

Across the street is another memorable *maison*—the private home where Heinz started making pickles in 1869. Ford had it imported from Pittsburgh and he liked to display it as indicative of the beginnings of American industry in the home. Inside, the walls are decorated with some early Heinz advertising both for their sweet pickles and their "Keystone Pearls." Says one warning issued after Heinz had achieved some fame:

CAUTION

Beware, There are many mutations and other Heinz brands but the original Heinz condiments that have led the market since 1869 always bear our well-known keystone trademark as shown here.

Some time back, too, the Heinz advertising people came up with a dandy idea which proves there is nothing new on Madison Avenue. Said one advertisement:

Send five trade marks cut from any of our labels which may be soaked from Bottles and get choice between a Handsome Calendar or a novel Watch Charm.

While Ford's respect for the Wrights and the Heinzes was great, for Edi-

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Imagine the thrill of being the hereditary Archduke (or Archduchess) of Qantasylvania! All you have to do in this latest, greatest, Qantas contest is "Rename the Continents" and win glory *in perpetuo* for generation after titled generation of your family. You and the wife will while away many happy hours poring over the *Almanach de Gotha* and the Philadelphia Telephone Book selecting suitable mates for the kids.

Yes, for family fun an archduchy beats TV a mile. And think of the intrigue! Why, your brother-in-law, hereafter known as Count Rudolf the Ruthless, will be forever hatching plots. He's already acting a bit strange, we'll wager. So keep in solid with the Minister of Police, the Captain-General of Dragoons, and the old Gypsy fortune teller is what we say.

The prizes then: The one who submits the best new names for the continents succeeds to the archdukedom and receives certain magnificent gifts and perquisites which we shall enumerate shortly along with the 99 other mouth-watering prizes. *All* entrants will be given a handsome certificate of citizenship in Qantasylvania, suitable for framing. Do not delay, enter now and often!

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Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco, California

Sires: Another crisis, eh? Very well, here's what I would name the continents if they were mine:

EUROPE:_____ AUSTRALIA:_____ NORTH AMERICA:_____

ASIA:_____ AFRICA:_____

NAME:_____

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P.S. Can't we please arrange to get Rudolf exiled?

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son it was boundless. He uprooted what must have constituted a considerable portion of Menlo Park, New Jersey, where the Wizard of that community practiced, moving it all to the precincts of Greenfield Village. To begin with he imported twelve freight cars of red New Jersey topsoil, and on it he planted Edison's various buildings, each in the exact position it had occupied back east.

For instance, there is the shed where Alfred Swanson worked as night watchman. Despite Mr. Ford, I don't suppose Mr. Swanson is ever going to achieve much posthumous fame, but his job, besides nightwatching, was to keep dozens of kerosene lamps burning. He scraped the lampblack from them, for this was the first means of manufacturing carbon which was used in telephone transmitters. There is the glass house where Edison kept a glassblower occupied making incandescent bulbs, and of course there is the laboratory itself where, among many other things, the first photo was taken using incandescent bulbs. It was February 1880 and Edison had perfected the bulb the year before.

Photographs of some forty years of Edison's life cover the walls, among them that momentous moment in 1929 when Hoover, Ford, Edison, and Firestone all got together for the cameraman. In Edison's tiny office a small door led to the free space under the stairs and here Edison would hide himself when reporters came prying. Apparently only the most dauntless got as far as the office anyway, because Ford also uprooted a Jersey tree stump to which Edison chained his pet bear, kept on hand as a dissuader. The stump has been replanted alongside Edison's Jersey dump pit which was also moved by Ford from Menlo Park.

THE second phase of Ford's outdoor museum is a whole village green which is bordered by a town hall, the Waterford General Store stocked with goods of the nineteenth century, a court house, a chapel, and an inn. The hospice is the actual Clinton Inn, which was once the first overnight stagecoach stop on the Sauk Indian Trail out of Detroit, now Michigan Ave. The chapel was put together using the bricks of the girlhood home of Ford's wife, and the bell in the steeple was cast by the son of Paul Revere. Oh, the place is creeping with associations.

The Court House is the same used by the Logan County (Illinois) residents in the 1840s, and young Abe Lincoln won several cases here. Even the original plaster was used in the rehabilitation, having been reground and mixed with an adhesive. Inside the court house is the red plush rocker in which Lincoln was sitting in Ford's Theatre the night he got shot. A fire burns in the hearth even on midsummer days, and on the wall is a Currier and Ives print picturing the event of assassination showing Booth with gun and dagger, and Major Rathbone rushing to the President's aid. On another wall is a political poster of the day. It says:

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in favor of
LINCOLN AND HAMLIN!
The Friends of
Lincoln and Hamlin
will hold a meeting at Cochranville
Saturday evening October 27
A Band of Music Has Been
Engaged for the Occasion
GRAND TORCH LIGHT
PROCESSION
by the
Wide Awakes

If you have a village green you have to have a depot. Ford's Greenfield depot was displaced from Smith's Creek, Michigan, on the Grand Trunk Line between Detroit and Port Huron. Edison as a boy used to work this line, printing his own newspaper in the baggage car and selling it to passengers. In his spare moments he also toyed experimentally with a chemical laboratory which he kept in the car, and one day when temptation and boyishness overcame reason he tossed a stick of phosphorus from the train. Shortly thereafter the conductor tossed Edison from the train, as it turned out, at Smith's Creek, Michigan. In 1929 Edison returned in triumph to Smith's Creek and rode down the line of the Grand Trunk to Detroit.

Finally, Greenfield Village has a collection of residences all, somehow, connected to history no matter how long the string. There is the Webster House where the dictionary was written, Edison's grandparent's home, the birthplace of Luther Burbank, and Susquehanna House which, in a way, is my favorite. It was taken from St. Mary's County, Md., and was in its day the residence of John and Christopher Rousby, the King's Collectors of Customs for the colony of Maryland. It stood for over 300 years at the mouth of the Patuxent River overlooking Chesapeake Bay until Ford had it moved to Dearborn. It sits there pleasantly now complete in every detail, including the tired bones of the Rousbys which were disinterred from their Maryland repose and replanted in Michigan. It was a trip I dare say, which the Rousbys never expected.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

American farm life. Ellen, an immigrant girl, marries the widowed Denis and devotedly rears his children. But all that Denis offers Ellen is hard work and ten years of marital chastity as he silently grieves for his first wife. In a moment of deep resentment Ellen has an affair with another man and carries his child. This kicks up a crisis and forces Denis to accept Ellen on more mature terms. The author's familiarity with farming and her attention to psychological details lend this simply-told first novel both authenticity and understanding.

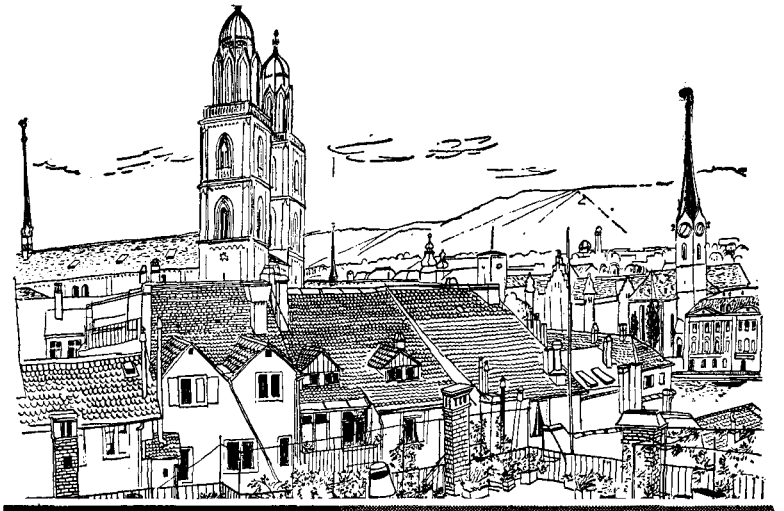
"The Place of Sapphires," by Laura Owen Miller (John Day, $3.95), is all about the joys and torments of Stacey, a fledgling artist, who after a flashy courtship marries playboy Gil Weir only to have her happiness dashed into a tree during a fatal car drive.

The deaths of her own father as well as of Gil deprive her of the male strength she needs and she begins to slide into a spiritual abyss. All that is left her is her art, through which Stacey ultimately salvages some hope. The assets of Miss Miller's novel are narrative sweep and some uninhibited human relationships as subject matter.

"Old Soldiers Never Die," by Wolf Mankowitz (Little, Brown, $3.50), offers the random adventures of Old Cock, a former English World War I serviceman and present caretaker of the city dumps, and Arp, a drifter in search of companionship. Both strike it off and join in tweaking the noses of city officials. All in all, Mr. Mankowitz's mongrel collection of characters is a pale imitation of Steinbeck's amiable bums; the humor rarely rises above the environment, and rarely has there been such ado about literally nothing. —S. P. MANSTEN.

"When the Wind Blows," by Leon Phillips (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), is a prime example of the unintended (it is to be feared) parody. In it a Young Man with Ideals, refusing to go into the Family Business, further antagonizes his Rich, Snobbish Parents by marrying the Beautiful, True-Hearted Daughter of Poor but Honest Immigrants. ("So they thought Helga wasn't good enough, did they? He'd show them!"). Naturally, in the end everyone reaches a Fine, Mature Understanding, thanks largely, of course, to Helga's deep insight into their problems.

It is a Good, Clean Story and its love scenes are as chaste (and as blank) as a baby's brow. —JEROME STONE.



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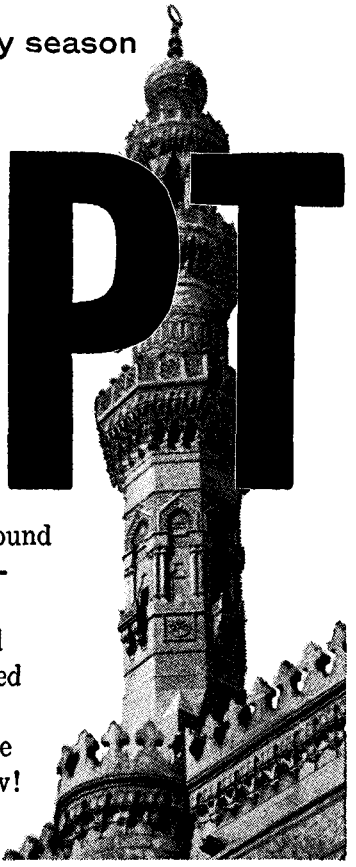

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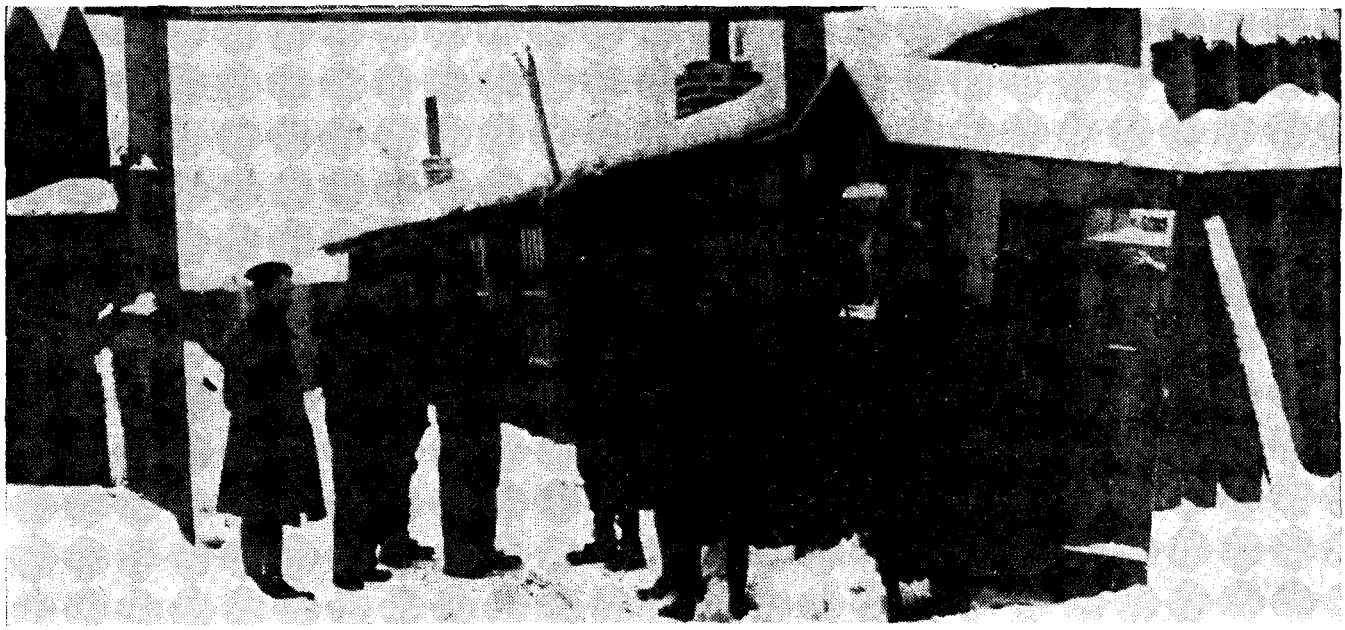

The American Expeditionary Force in the snows of Siberia (1918)—"Washington was troubled and hesitant."

First Seeds of the Cold War

"Russia Leaves the War," by George F. Kennan *(Princeton University Press. 544 pp. $7.50), is an account of the earliest period of our government's relationship with the Soviet, written by one of our most experienced foreign service officers. Harold H. Fisher, who reviews it here, is chairman of the Hoover War Library, Stanford University.*

By Harold H. Fisher

ONE OF the most inadequate titles ever given to an important and absorbing book, a book written by one of our most experienced foreign service officers now turned historian is that bestowed on George F. Kennan's "Russia Leaves the War." Mr. Kennan has not written another book about the First World War or the Russian Revolution, but has gone to sources previously unused and by careful research and with great literary skill has constructed "in detail the happenings of the initial months of the Soviet-American relationship." These are months during which Lenin was trying out what a Soviet historian, the late Eugene Tarlé, claimed is an entirely new kind of diplomacy. Some of the attributes of Soviet diplomacy are as old as the Byzantine Empire; some were used by the Grand Princes of Muscovy and by their successors, the tsars. But some features are new and Americans met them for the first time in 1917 with exciting and significant results.

The story begins in November 1917 when, in Mr. Kennan's words, the American public and government were

> startled and almost stupefied to learn . . . that the reins of power in Russia . . . had been seized by a band of radical fanatics of whom one knew only that they held the most inflammatory social views and were violently opposed to the continuation of Russia's war effort.

This first instalment of Mr. Kennan's projected history of Soviet-American relations, 1917-1920, ends in March 1918 when the Fourth All-Russian Congress of Soviets formally ratified the fact that Russia was out of the war; it no longer had the strength or the will or the intention to continue. By this action the Bolsheviks slammed the door that the United States and its associates had been trying to keep open by appealing to sentiments to which the masses of the Russian people were in no mood or condition to respond and for which the Bolsheviks had only contempt. Mr. Kennan ends this first volume by noting that the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty meant the beginning of a new era and that "once again, as so often in the course of these rapidly moving events, Washington—troubled, hesitant and ill-informed—had spoken reluctantly into the past."

Washington was ill-informed because the nation as a whole was even less informed about Russia than about other foreign countries, because the government had few institutions for gathering information and those it did have did not share their information with each other; because the President relied more on personal representatives than on the State Department; and because, as he complained with justice, none of the official and unofficial channels of information from Russia seemed to have any connection with each other. Washington was troubled and hesitant because the country was involved in a world war which was nearing its final crisis when the Bolsheviks seized the Russian government and called on the war-weary peoples to stop the war, overthrow their governments, and abolish colonialism. This was the first example of a feature of the new diplomacy that came to be known as "demonstrative diplomacy." It was carried on not to reach agreement but to cause tension and cause trouble for other governments. From then until now Soviet propaganda for peace has been more effective than propaganda for revolution. Washington underestimated the response to this propaganda then; it underestimates it still.

Washington was troubled and hesitant in the face of the issues of recognition and intervention, issues which were debated by Jefferson and Hamilton at the time of the French Revolution, by Clay and J. Q. Adams at the time of the Latin American rev-

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olutions, and they are being debated today. The United States had been the first, beating the British and the French by a scant four hours, to recognize the revolutionary government that took over from Nicholas II and which was, in Mr. Wilson's words, "a fit partner for a league of honor." Within a month the President was fully convinced of the unfitness of the Bolsheviks for such company and decided against any kind of official relations with them not because of their ideology but on the ground that they were undemocratic, that they did not represent the will of the Russian people, and that they were unwilling to defend democracy against German autocracy. As on some other occasions, the State Department neglected to inform the ambassador of this important policy decision.

The ambassador, however, was left in Petrograd, as Mr. Kennan expresses it, "not so much to provide a channel of inter-governmental communication as to express America's enduring interest in the Russian people and her moral support in her struggle for freedom." Later, when the Bolsheviks began to extend instead of lose their power and when they continued their peace negotiations with the Central Powers, the President was under great pressure from one side to deal officially with the Soviets in the hope of persuading their leaders not to ratify the peace. He was pressed from another side to support or at least consent to intervention in order to keep Russia from falling into the hands of the Germans. The President stuck to his policy of non-recognition but permitted unofficial negotiations with Bolshevik leaders. The stories of these unofficial relations and their ramifications, as Mr. Kennan tells them, are lively and instructive reading. Throughout the period covered by this book the President steadfastly refused to agree to Japanese intervention in the Far East. Later he changed this policy, but non-recognition remained until 1933.

The President and the Chairman of the Council of Peoples Commissars each assumed that he was better qualified to speak for "the people" of the other country than the head of the government of that country. But, as Mr. Kennan says, "the principals overrated the effects of their words.... Both Wilson and Lenin had made the mistake of attempting to project *their* respective ideological images onto the world at large and to bespeak an international validity for principles that were actually the product of their own specific environmental and educational backgrounds." It has taken a long time for the successors of Wilson and Lenin to begin to grasp this fact.

Stalin a Spy?

"Stalin's Great Secret," by Isaac Don Levine *(Coward McCann. 126 pp. $2.50), presents information which, its author believes, proves that Stalin was a secret agent of the Czarist police before the Russian Revolution. Professor Michael T. Florinsky of Columbia University, our reviewer, is the author of "Russia: A History and an Interpretation" and other books.*

By Michael T. Florinsky

THOSE who read Isaac Don Levine's article in *Life* (April 23, 1956) will remember that the great secret of Stalin that Mr. Levine has discovered is his alleged service as an undercover agent with the imperial security police. This accusation, of course, is not a new one. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Levine, who was then engaged in writing a biography of Stalin, rejected this theory as unfounded. His recapitulation in his new book, "Stalin's Great Secret," of what he now calls "considerable circumstantial evidence" in support of the above allegation strongly suggests that his original reaction of mistrust was judicious and sound.

What made Mr. Levine change his mind? In 1949 he came in possession of a letter which purportedly emanated from the headquarters of the Russian security police in St. Petersburg and identified Stalin as an undercover agent. The letter was dated July 1913, was addressed to the head of the Eniseisk (Siberia) security police, and was signed by Yeremin, a police official.

A further investigation in which Mr. Levine obtained expert advice disclosed that the paper on which the letter was written "was not of American nor Western origin, and not of recent manufacture," and that the typewriter used was presumably of an American make sold in the Russian market. According to expert opinion, the typing of the Yeremin letter was "certainly very close . . . but not just the same" as the typing of documents known to have come from Russian police headquarters. These findings, which Mr. Levine calls "gratifying," were hardly unexpected because the Russian origin of the document was not seriously questioned.

The identification of the signature of Yeremin—the crucial point in the story—came dramatically at a meeting in Paris in 1950 between Mr. Levine and General Spiridovich, a former high Russian police official under whom Yeremin had once served. The general produced a silver decanter presented to him by his subordinates in 1905 and engraved with their signatures. Among them was that of Yeremin. A comparison of the engraved signature with that of a "fine photostatic reproduction" of the letter brought by Mr. Levine convinced him and — "instantly" — the seventy-five-year-old general that the signature on the letter was genuine. In this instance, unlike that of the paper and the typewriter, expert advice was not sought. The decanter, according to Mr. Levine, is "the bit of evidence which clinched the authenticity of the document and which proved that Stalin has indeed been a Czarist spy."

Why did Mr. Levine, a journalist with a flair for sensational revelations, keep quiet about his discovery for over five years? "Because," he writes, "I felt that it would have fallen on deaf ears before Moscow itself shocked the whole world out of the Stalinist mythology." This is a surprising statement. Since 1947, especially following the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, the popularity of the USSR and Stalin declined markedly and there is nothing to indicate that the revelation of his betrayal of the Revolution, supported by adequate evidence, would have been ineffective.

Understatement is not a characteristic of Mr. Levine's writings. Although his "documentary evidence" is totally unconvincing he regards it as the key to the past and present policies of the Soviet Union. "For over thirty years," he writes, "Stalin had relentlessly sought to destroy all witnesses and all evidence of the darkest secret of his past—his service to the Okhrana." And again: "Only shockingly incriminating documentary evidence could have compelled the Stalin heirs to launch such a precipitous campaign of exposing their former master." It would have been difficult to devise a less plausible explanation of the vagaries of Soviet behavior.

I. D. Levine—"calls findings 'gratifying.'"

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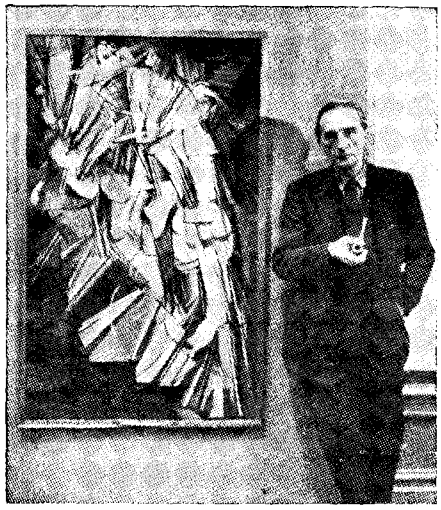
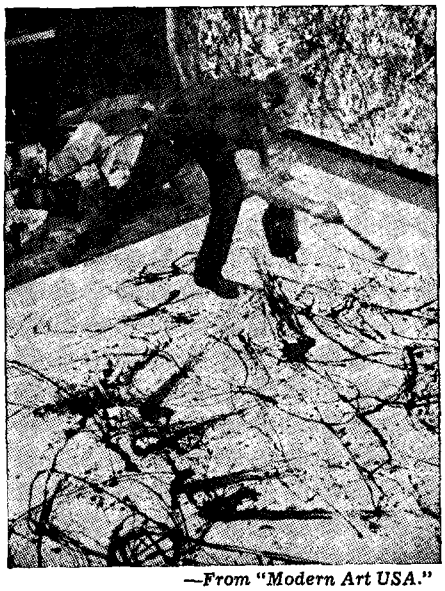


Duchamp in 1956 with "Nude Descending a Staircase."

—New York Evening Sun, *March 20, 1913.*

Early cartoon attack on cubism [Caption: "The Rude Descending a Staircase; Rush hour at the Subway."]



—From "Modern Art USA."

Jackson Pollock at work (1951).

FINE ARTS

Hows and Whys of the Artist

"Art and Artist," edited by Alfred Frankenstein, Ernest Mundt, Michel Loeve, August Fruge, and Rita Carroll *(University of California Press. 240 pp. $3.75), is a collection of sixteen essays by as many practitioners in various fields of art, which attempt to answer the question "What does the artist himself think he is doing?" Georgine Oeri of the staff of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York is our reviewer.*

By Georgine Oeri

WHAT does the artist himself think he is doing? A new volume called "Art and Artist," originated at the suggestion of an artist, the painter Rico Lebrun, undertakes to answer that question. The authors of its sixteen essays are painters, sculptors, architects, composers, photographers, and film makers—artists whose main medium of expression is not the word. There are two exceptions: Sartre, who *is* a writer, but who, in this context, is concerned with a sculptor's—Giacometti's—work, and Anto Ehrenzweig, who is involved in and writes about the creative process from the point of view of the psychoanalyst.

You may know a person who is sensible, interesting and lovable, and this person happens to be an artist who produces works (in color, metal, sound, or whatever medium) that are utter horrors to you. They are incomprehensible, revolting, ugly, meaningless. The present collection of essays deals with this problem, with the gap between the origin of a creation and its result, between this result and its being received by a mostly flabbergasted audience. Or, to put it still another way: What has happened in our time that our sources of creation fail, or at least seem to fail, to nourish us, our emotions, our minds? Why is it, that we have lonely frustrated artists and lonely frustrated spectators just as well?

The problem is of course limitless as it encompasses a wider range of concern than that of art alone. The group of authors who approach it here within that realm are people whose dedication, serious-mindedness, and sincere striving are beyond any doubt. All of them are what one has come to agree calling "modern" artists, although the "conservative" modern ones outnumber by far the "progressive" moderns. Necessarily and legitimately, a selection of articles of this kind reflects not only the ideas and thoughts of the authors, expressing themselves independently of each other, but also the convictions of the editors. The contributors of a book published in California are in their majority Europeans, European-born or educated. A spokesman for what is known as the Californian School of Painting is missing and the New York School does not even exist.

It is one of the stimulating aspects and one of the valid contributions of this volume that its authors may differ in approach and outlook, that their statements may even contradict each other, but that they concur in their being aware of the context beyond them. The struggle to rationalize its significance is, and cannot but be, desperate. But this makes the problem involved all the more accessible for the reader's compassionate empathy. The level of discussion may differ among the various authors, the urgency of concern does not, regardless of the stature of the artists.

There is the account of George Rickey (head of the art department of Tulane University) about how he came to produce his delightful gadgetry of mobiles which for him fulfill their purpose by their very uselessness, their gratuitious interplay with space. "I have tried to explain the explicable, which is only a fraction of what anyone does, artist or not. The 'how' is elusive, the 'why' pure guesswork." There is Sartre's interpretation of Giacometti's concern with space, which is experienced in terms of distance and the void becoming synonymous with human loneliness.

No matter what may be the degree of intensity of the drama each artist is engaged in—and all the agonizing questions such as What is Beauty? What is Truth? What is Integrity? are part of it—one of its most tangible subjects is: how to come to grips with reality. ("Everyone looks, nobody sees" as Lebrun puts it.) Reality, almost needless to say, means something different to everyone. But what they all search for is that miraculous transcending point where one specific reality merges with a reality of general significance and meaning. There is the

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reality of a bullfight that transcends into an image for the deadly dangerous position of the artist before his task (Lebrun). There is the reality of a meat-and-fruit market which transforms itself into a still life vanishing under the artist's attempt to grasp its real existence. "This is about the world that comes to life in the dreams of many, when painting has declared itself bankrupt through a sequence of prohibitions. The answer will come to the enigma of the now disappearing painter's subject" (Lebrun). There is the contrast between reality and legend in a country like India in Jean Renoir's film. "The River."

BUT this is only part of the story. Lebrun's deeply sad statement about the enigma of the disappearing subject has its counterpart, in that we may live in the midst of the enigma of appearing subjects. The human condition may always be the same, but the need to rephrase it is relentless. The artist is one of the agents—his brothers-in-arms are the thinkers, philosophers, scientists—of this continual process of rephrasing. It is for him to capture the images in which man renews, recognizes, and reinvents himself and his surroundings. New realities keep developing because they begin to belong to us (while old realities disintegrate). There are the realities of the yet unseen and unheard that are rendered visible and audible. Otto Luening's article about "New Sound Techniques in Music" is one of the most interesting contributions in this regard as it discusses new sources (electronic and otherwise) of sound, providing and developing new means of expression to an extending sound perception. There is no art, not even the most "abstract," that is not also nourished by the perception of a reality outside of the perceiver. That we are in the process of shifting our system of perceptional awareness toward any "given" reality is what kills artists and their audiences alike.

The conflict between two systems of perception, whereby the artists are about to develop one, while the audience clings to the other—accounts for the encounters of an almost invariably pathetic nature when it comes to the so-called social function of the artist. Ernest Mundt gives a case history in an article about two abstract sculptures he did for a San Frencisco school that never reached their public destination. And the artist concludes: "I had not submitted a sculptural image of visual reality. It is here that I have failed. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps in contemporary art reality is developing a new imagery that awaits acceptance."

Guide to the Isms

"Modern Art USA," by Rudi Blesh *(Alfred A. Knopf. 295 pp. $5), attempts to give an account of the development of recent American art largely through reports on the personalities of its creators. Thomas B. Hess of the* Art News's *editorial staff is our reviewer.*

By Thomas B. Hess

AMERICAN painting in the past decade has been the most creative force in modern culture, influencing art in every other country and establishing an ambience in which talent can achieve successful maturity in style. The development of this group of styles; the invention of the "look" of art which has been called Abstract-Expressionism and New York School painting and by a number of other labels; the community of artists which found itself in this discovery; the distinctions which must be made between their art and community roles—all this is a subject for an important book.

Rudi Blesh, a writer on jazz and a friend of artists, has attempted to write such a book in "Modern Art USA," but unfortunately, even within the given limits of "sheer pleasure of reading" (to quote the dust-jacket blurb), he has produced only peripheral trivia—and dangerous trivia at that.

Mr. Blesh writes like a campaigning politician in the clutches of a second-rate Madison Avenue advertising agency. I believe he can claim the credit of being the first to introduce the phrase "art-wise" into what purports to be a serious discussion. Here are two sentences dealing with the Colonial period, c. 1750:

> It was no one-way line, either, like calf at udder: the American scene, the wonder of the great, green new continent, the magic myth of the Noble Redskin, was firing the imagination of Europeans. So, too, were the deeds of our frontiersmen, the courage of whose daily lives—it might have been foreseen—would inevitably make a free nation of us.

As Mr. Blesh's book proceeds all virtues, glories, and powers are claimed for the American Heritage, American Way, American Dream, or other equally banal bits of geo-esthetics.

Mr. Blesh is not without intellectual pretension. The reader will have noted the off-hand (and, by-the-way, anachronistic) reference to Rousseau in the sentences quoted above. But the author's favorite tropes run to what Professor Meyer Schapiro calls "night-school physics." Note the expanding universe in the following:

> In the world of Seurat's paintings —as flat as a microscope slide— matter seems porous and forms are galaxies of minute colored dots, as if the painter had a premonition of atomic structure. Like the biochemist synthesizing natural compounds in the laboratory, Seurat constructs from his minute dots. . . .

and so forth, through every plastic-domed cliché of the writer who thinks he can make culture seem important by relating it to something he thinks that "people" think to be worthwhile —like H-bombs, or money, or high society.

Mr. Blesh's manner of writing is relevant as it reveals his interests. He treats culture like a salesman pushing a product, and his pitch is not about old, accepted culture, but works of art by men and women who are putting their lives on the bet of creation. No one could seriously object to Mr. Blesh if he huckstered Rembrandt or Leonardo, but to turn a living effort into a soap opera is tasteless and, in terms of an author's responsibility as a witness, immoral.

The brief frame of art history that supports "Modern Art USA" is strictly college-freshman survey-course, "it's-up-it's-down-it's-bouncing" material. Neither accurate nor inaccurate, it is a handy guide to "isms" that the Museum of Modern Art might have published in 1932, and, in fact, probably did. Beefing up this narrative of trends and tendencies is a mass of gossip, what Stuart Davis said about Arnold Friedman, what Willem de Kooning said to Franz Kline, what Dr. Sidney Epstein said to Walkowitz about Sir Jacob Epstein, what Jackson Pollock said about Thomas Benton, etc. In one way, this is rather appealing modesty in the author; he attributes all his ideas to other people. But the difficulty is that most of Mr. Blesh's gossip is wrong—in some cases shockingly so.

Gossip is perhaps the most rewarding part of writings on art, at least it is for the future, as Vasari understood. Bellori's or the Goncourts's or Zervos's opinions on art are boring today, but we read with attention what they tell us about the artists whom they knew, how they lived, worked, loved, what they said, and so forth. Gossip becomes sociological fact which can suggest current opinion. But when gossip is false, like so much of Mr. Blesh's, it becomes highly dangerous. It is impossible in fewer pages than Mr. Blesh uses to correct all his errors.

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Legendary Westerner

"A Bar Cross Man," by W. H. Hutchinson *(University of Oklahoma Press. 432 pp. $5), is a biography of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the Western writer who during his lifetime attracted a small but devoted circle of discriminating fans. Professor Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas, author of "The Great Plains," and other books, is our reviewer.*

By Walter Prescott Webb

IT IS frequently stated that Eugene Manlove Rhodes is the leading literary figure that has come out of the American West, and that he has represented the Westerner as he really was better than any other. He was recognized in his lifetime, and his select fans waited his stories whether in magazines or books with eagerness and delight. He never catered to the crowd, never stole a plot or stooped to the Western formula, and therefore never attained affluence.

The sharp edge of Gene's character stands out in his puckish treatment of his own need. It is revealed in the numerous letters to his publishers included in W. H. Hutchinson's "A Bar Cross Man," a biography that is in essence an autobiography. When Rhodes asked Ferris Greenslet for an advance of $125 for "Copper Streak Trail" he said "it would be helping a very lame dog over a very high stile. . . . I tell you I am up against it. Am not yet strong enough to go out and hustle . . . and if I can't get this $125 . . . it will cause me much distress. Yes sir."

When Rhodes finished his last story, "Beyond the Desert," he had forty-five cents in the family till. *The Saturday Evening Post* turned it down, but reconsidered and paid him $4500. He wrote the editor that he needed money: "We are reduced . . . to bread and sausage, and we are now heading for the last ground-up."

Legend grew up around Gene Rhodes before he died, and even this book does not furnish an explanation of those legends, or at least one of them. Gene was a wrestler, a fist-fighter, and according to his own say, he one time used beer bottles. He was a working cowboy, a homesteader, a small rancher, a chicken farmer, a trail maker—he laid out Rhodes Pass where he is now buried. He was a poker player and a reader of many books, and proof of both activities is recorded in his writing which is embroidered with poker and literary allusion. Now these are things which give people something to talk about, to magnify and enlarge on. People may not do any of these things, but secretly they would like to do most of them.

There is more to the legend. Rhodes harbored bad men, befriended them, helped them on their way. True, and this is recorded. Gene never denied it. The legend goes on. Gene killed a man, he failed to read some cattle brands right, he skipped out of New Mexico and never returned until the statute of limitations had run out or all the witnesses died. This exile to Appalachian, N. Y., where his wife lived and where he raised chickens, put him to writing about the country he so loved. Gene says he did not kill anybody, but he denied nothing else. This book does not tell us why Gene Rhodes stayed away from New Mexico, but that he had a reason is indicated by a letter from the governor promising to pardon him for whatever he was charged with.

Even with all this legend on top of his excellent work, there is no indication that Gene Rhodes will become an author's author, somebody to imitate, to copy. Writers' Conferences from Breadloaf to Salt Lake do not use Gene as a model. It would be useless to try to use him as a model. To write as Gene wrote one would have to live as Gene lived, and I know of no writer in this country, at Broadloaf or elsewhere, that has the guts to do that even if there was left a place to live that way. Gene wrote of his own life, and of the lives around him. His characters were his friends or his enemies, and often himself. There was Johnny Dines and Pres Lewis and the outlaw Bill Doolin and Ross McEwen.

Gene Rhodes was tempered hard enough to be admired, but a little too hard to be imitated. Hence men made legends of him while he lived. He once said that life is a disease, and the only cure for it is death. He was impudent towards life and impudent towards death. He had such a reverence for women that his literary women "creaked when they walked." He hated more passionately than he did a felon the literary school of filth. One of his last letters was to H. L. Mencken, telling Mencken how much he disliked him and his kind. He deplored the group which taught youth that "the main end of man is the middle."

Such a man is hard to imitate in life, in death, or in literature. All Rhodes fans, and all readers who love the life record of an indomitable character will find much delight and some poignancy in a Bar Cross Man who believed that "the earth is a good place in which to spend a lifetime."

BOOKS MAKETH THE MAN: Sheila Kaye-Smith, herself the author of nearly forty books, has read "many hundreds of books, some of which I have forgotten, but most of which I remember" so that "I am mentally as much the books I have read as I am chemically the food I have eaten." The catalyst action of books is a fascinating theme. Miss Kaye-Smith asks some very pertinent questions in the course of a delightful browsing backwards in a volume called **"All The Books of My Life"** (Harper, $3).

Sheila Kaye-Smith was not a bookish child, and much preferred playing to reading. Yet the books were there—they lay around as tantalizing on a rainy day as unopened parcels, and so she gradually acquired quite a stock of "reading," which included, before she was fifteen, much of Dickens and the Brontës, and Dante.

Although perhaps unconsciously (had not her sister poked her when "Pickwick" was being read, and bade her, "Laugh, Sheila, laugh") she is most amusing when describing her own early life as a young author: the research in the British Museum, Eustace Miles's vegetarian nut-cutlets wrapped in sandwich paper at her elbow, or the literary friendships of the Twenties; G. B. Stern greeting her guests in a purple velvet ankle-length gown at her coastside cottage, and her horror of tea from a silver teapot ("If I had offered it to her in a saucer with 'Dog' on it she could not have been more upset"). And Sheila delivers a cuff to contemporary writers when she admits she cannot "altogether deplore the substitution of the outspoken for the unspeakable," and thinks the improvement in public taste (for she admits the tremendous superiority of such best-sellers as "From Here to Eternity" and "The Naked and the Dead" over such bygones as Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" or Elinor Glyn's luxurious dishes) is possibly due to the fact that the tosh-loving public now reads no more, having completely succumbed to television.

How sad one can never meet her and argue her choices; how glad that, as she herself notes, authors write out the best of themselves, and the writing remains. —ANNE FREMANTLE.

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. . . Hullabaloo

Continued from page 13

of "the American musical" on its way to art we actually mean lots of quite different things. It is true that all of them are written for Broadway, which means that a concern for high costs, high risk, and high-pressure promotion is fundamental to the idea itself. But showmen diagnose this market differently, and propose to capture it by various techniques of seduction.

This comes off most naturally—art and commerce in peace together—in "Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankee," where the inspiration is actually in the popular consciousness and the popular song-and-dance medium. The others attempt, somewhat awkwardly, to rationalize or refine the musical stage, to make it seem more intelligent and less vulgar to the carriage trade. The results are hailed by the daily reviewers with the standard superlatives; the audience accepts them as hits; and everyone hopes that they are, or will soon be, "art."

In trying to get some perspective on our musicals as art, it is natural to think of familiar musicals which were created under different auspices. I do not suggest that one should compare the Rogers and Hammerstein product with "Figaro." But coming closer to what might be possible on Broadway, how about Gilbert and Sullivan? Their operas are much more like middle-brow classics than anything we have yet done. They still soothe our prosperous suburbs, delight the polite with their tunes and their wit. Perhaps some of their magic is in "The Boy Friend," and I suspect that Shaw (as posthumous scenarist for "My Fair Lady") relies on the same light, well-mannered British tradition. The fact is that in England the well-spoken are at ease in public, whereas when the college graduate tries to invade *our* show-business he feels and looks a little defensive and arty. We seem to feel the need for more genteel operetta; but before we claim it as an American triumph we should remember how good the British are in this genre.

The Brecht-Weill "The Threepenny Opera" is a musical too, and it happens that it is even now packing them in at the Theatre de Lys. Brecht made a swift, bitter fable out of "The Beggar's Opera," a modern-big-city parable; and Kurt Weill wrote the familiar tunes, full of the ironic lewdness of post-World War I Berlin, which are exactly right. The whole idea is, if narrow and brutal, extremely knowing; every element in the show, the flat sets, the changing signs like the old vaudeville billboard, the detached, ironic, and portentous attitude of the performers, all confirm the same sharp style. To go from it to one of our big hit-musicals is like facing, after a gulp of Kirsch, a banana split. Of course ironic and destructive pep of this kind is not to be thought of on Broadway—and I am not saying that we want exactly that. "The Threepenny Opera" is powered by the Communist drive which we, fortunately, lack. But it helps us to understand how far our showmen are getting in their attempts to lift the musicals into an art form.

BRECHT owed his force to the destructive inspiration of the Marxian ideology, but he owed his theatrical sophistication and his free and dexterous handling of a vaudeville-like style to the highbrow experiments of the Twenties. In this respect his work is akin to "Sweeney Agonistes" and "Le Boeuf sur le toit." What the poets and musicians admired in farce, song, and dance at that time were the very elements which our art-minded showmen are now trying to refine out of existence. They found in the irrational horseplay, the half-disguised lewdness, and the routine sentimentalities of burlesque effects like those of poetry; signs of a very deep and ancient popular life. They found in the theatrical economy of vaudeville jokes, pantomimes, and *lazzi*, in the weird faces of clowns, and in the elegance of dancers and gymnasts a sense of style which was lost on the unimaginative, photographic "legitimate" stage. And when they wrote their own pieces they felt free to use these elements for their own purposes as artists. That is probably why one still feels that their work, though it never made the grade in the entertainment market, was done *con amore* and embodies a strange but authentic life.

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popular entertainment are still to be found in our big musicals. I am thinking of a dozen or more excellent performers, and of a few songs and a few danced episodes in which something wonderful, unpredictable, and irrational happens. They are the things which make the musical stage so much livelier than the Broadway "legit"—and I have done far less than justice to them in these remarks. They are hard to describe and analyze, and I have been trying to see what the organizers of the show as a whole have been doing to make it add up to a unified theatrical form.

It should be pointed out that in the form of the show as a whole the scenarists and play-doctors do respect certain traditional elements, however they may try to disguise, rationalize, and refine them. Thus the diagnosticians seem to agree that every musical must have a pair of lovers (the girl with the permanent, the muscle-bound boy with the voice) who are painfully, though not too painfully separated in Act I, so that they may lyricize about that until the end, when they are happily reunited. There must be a number of comic, easily recognizable types who make daring wisecracks, always including the hard-boiled middle-aged woman, a veteran of vaudeville. She teeters precariously on her high heels, appears to be somewhat uncomfortably held together by her sequined swathings, and makes the sharpest (though necessarily good-natured) remarks. There must be one fast female who wears the gaudiest and most expensive costumes, does the sexiest dances, and reaches her peak of glory in the next-to-the-last number, the big production-piece with exotic sets, nearly nude girls, and dances as hot as the director thinks advisable. Much of the empirical skill of the musical showman is in arranging and timing the sequence of these elements; mitigating the sentimental lyric with a comic bit, sweetening the satire with a wistful tune, cheering things up again with some brassy bawdiness, and bringing it all to rest, at the end, in happiness all around.

These requirements of the popular musical are probably as old as popular entertainment, older than Aristophanes. They suggest that behind the harmless hullaballoo of the Broadway musical the roots of some deep, natural, but inchoate theatrical form are still alive. I hope that our showmen, in their present concern for art, will not smother them with refinement, for one can imagine that a comic-lyric genius might yet appear who could see how to endow this instinctive life with real form and meaning.

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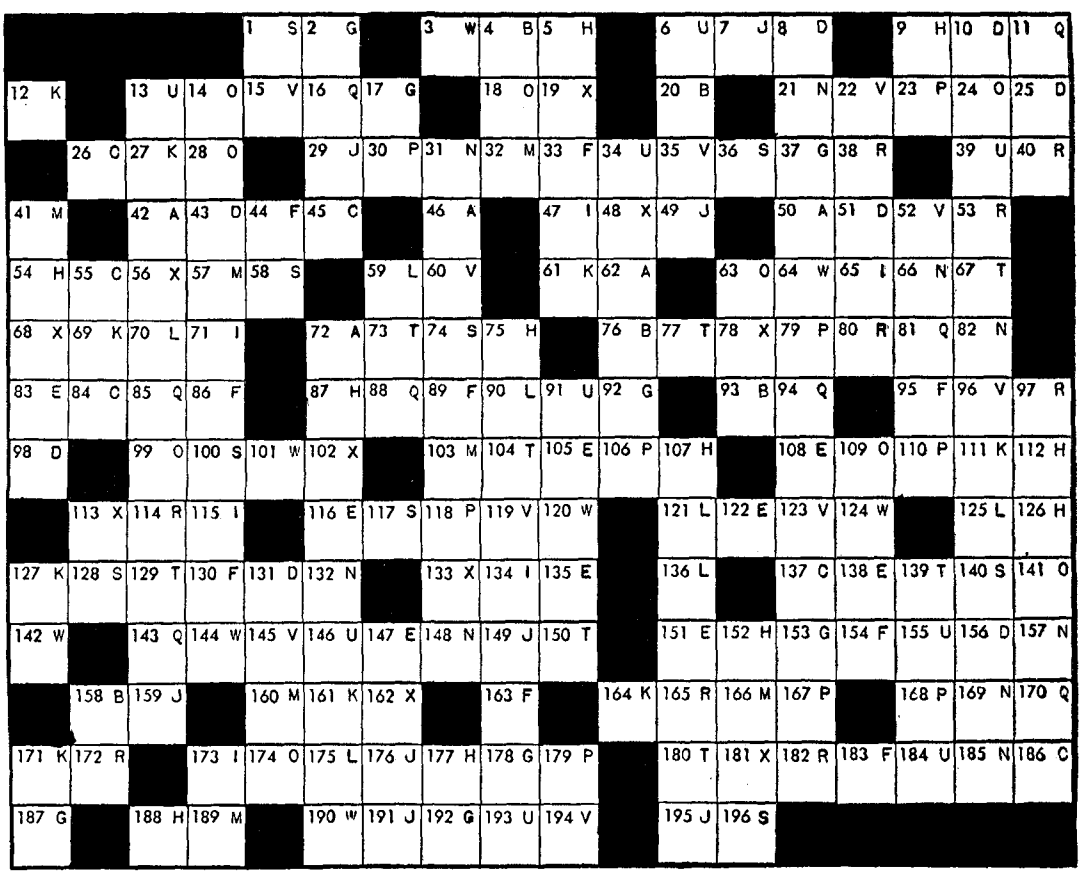
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An instant.	50 46 42 72 62
B. Pertaining to the closed sac around the embryos of reptiles and birds.	20 93 4 158 76
C. Common measures of time.	26 55 186 45 84 137
D. Balanced; mode quits (2 wds.).	25 10 131 98 43 8 51 156
E. Confectionery store.	135 116 105 138 83 108 122 147 151
F. A speech delivered in impassioned manner.	95 163 183 154 86 130 44 33 89
G. The loser in any struggle.	192 37 92 178 153 17 2 187
H. Describing many student organizations as a class (comp.).	54 107 126 152 112 177 5 75 188 9 87
I. Constantly.	134 115 47 65 71 173
J. An Arabic script from 15th cent., used chiefly for poetic writings.	149 7 49 159 29 176 195 191
K. Character in "Alice in Wonderland" (2 wds.).	61 161 12 127 164 69 27 111 171
L. Egged on.	136 90 175 59 121 70 125
M. Anyone who has come of age since last election, moved into the district, became naturalized, etc. (2 wds.).	57 32 160 166 189 103 41

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Unwound; clarified (a *tangled situation*).	148 82 66 21 185 157 31 169 132
O. Special or definite system of procedure not used before (2 wds.).	28 141 99 174 14 24 109 18 63
P. One versed in the science of nutritious feeding of individuals or groups.	179 118 167 79 23 30 106 110 168
Q. Musician-playwright daughter who wrote a biography of a famous mother (contemporary; full name).	94 170 11 143 88 16 81 85
R. Immediately (2 wds.).	172 114 38 40 53 165 97 80 182
S. Deeply moving; vibrating.	196 117 140 100 74 128 36 1 58
T. Any of several poppies; the cuckoo flower; the greater stitchwort.	67 73 180 150 129 139 104 77
U. "Be opened"—Jesus' Aramaic word to the deaf mute (Mark vii, 34).	91 146 13 34 6 193 39 184 155
V. Companion during one's education.	52 119 22 60 96 194 145 15 35 123
W. A canine of the upper jaw.	190 124 64 101 3 144 142 120
X. When "Sweet Alice" trembled in the song (3 wds.).	48 68 102 56 162 19 78 113 133 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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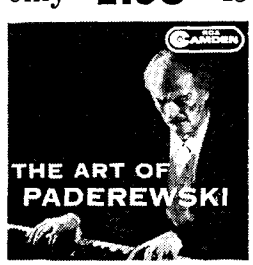

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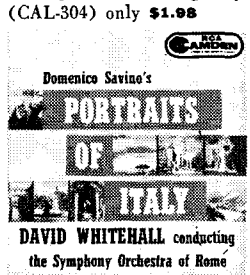

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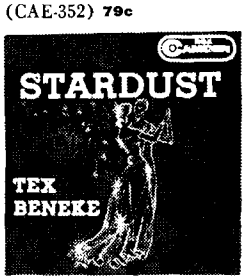

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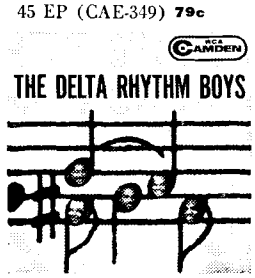

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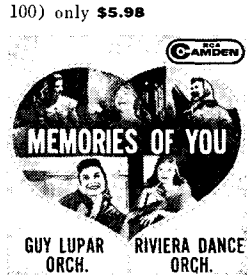

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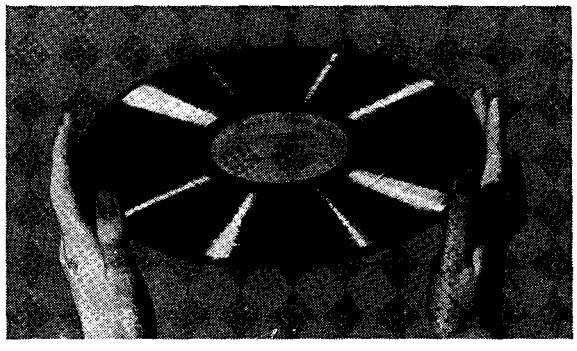

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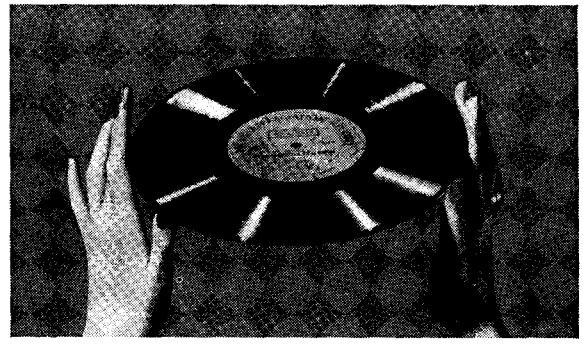

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